THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIII.—No. 1209

FEBRUARY 16, 1927

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

"STOP ME DREAMING": BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

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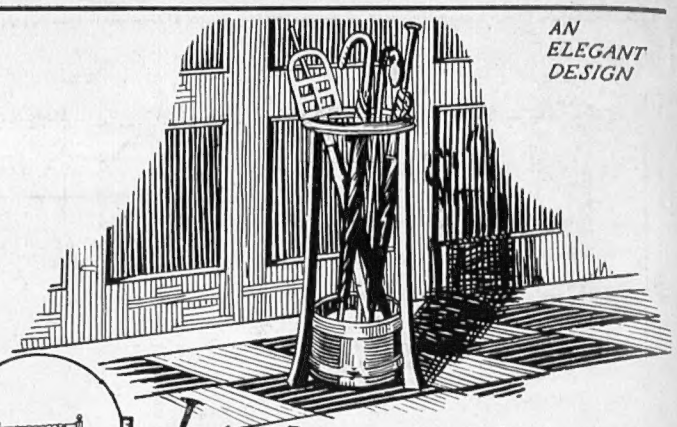
AN ELEGANT DESIGN



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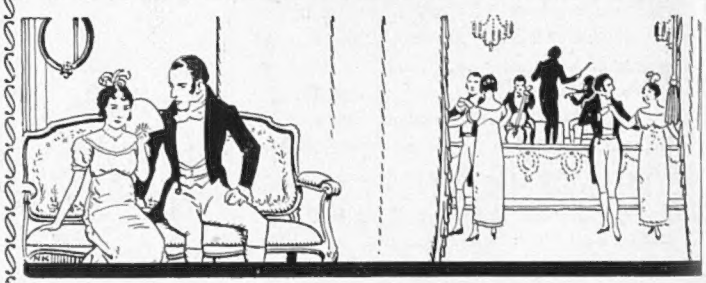

AT A DANCE

At least part of the delight of a dance is the knowledge that you look well. Most women, probably, would prefer to stay at home rather than appear in an unbecoming or dowdy frock. And new frocks are so expensive! But the cost of cleaning and "refinishing" in the "Achille Serre Way" is relatively trifling and makes the purchase of new frocks an unnecessary extravagance. It is worth remembering

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES ALMOST EVERYWHERE

The Bystander, February 16, 1927 No. 1209. Vol. XCIII

The BYSTANDER

BY CHARLES BUCHEL

MISS DORIS KEANE

A study of the popular actress as she appears in the revival of "Romance." This successful play terminates its run this week

DUNLOP

THE STANDARD *by which* ALL TYRES *are* JUDGED

Be sure it says 'MADE IN ENGLAND' on your tyres

C.F.H. 398

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Feast of Valentine

St. Valentine has come and gone. He has flitted past, almost unhonoured and practically unsung. *O tempora! O mores!* Or words to that effect. I suppose that in these days, when cars amble along at a speed of 174 miles per hour, we have little time for preserving pleasant old customs. Valentine was the saint of young lovers. Who is the saint of young lovers now? St. Charleston, I should imagine. Chaucer, in his "Parlement of Foules," speaks of St. Valentine's Day as the day when every bird chose his mate. I doubt if even a plumber would remember to do this now.

"Spell It With a We!"

Our literary pundits are always searching their Shakespeares, Shelleys, and Sitwells for what they are pleased to call "the most moving passage in English literature." To my mind, one of the most glorious passages in our language is the chapter in "Pickwick" which describes how Sam Weller, at the Blue Boar in Leadenhall Market, called for "nine-penn'orth o' brandy-and-water luke, and the ink-stand, my dear," and proceeded, under paternal guidance, to indite his "walentine." (He spelt it, of course, with a "we.") If you love me, get down the old book and re-read this beautiful chapter every St. Valentine's Day. You will find that it makes most of the purple patches of our poetical anthologies turn to a pale mauve.

Brighter Legislation

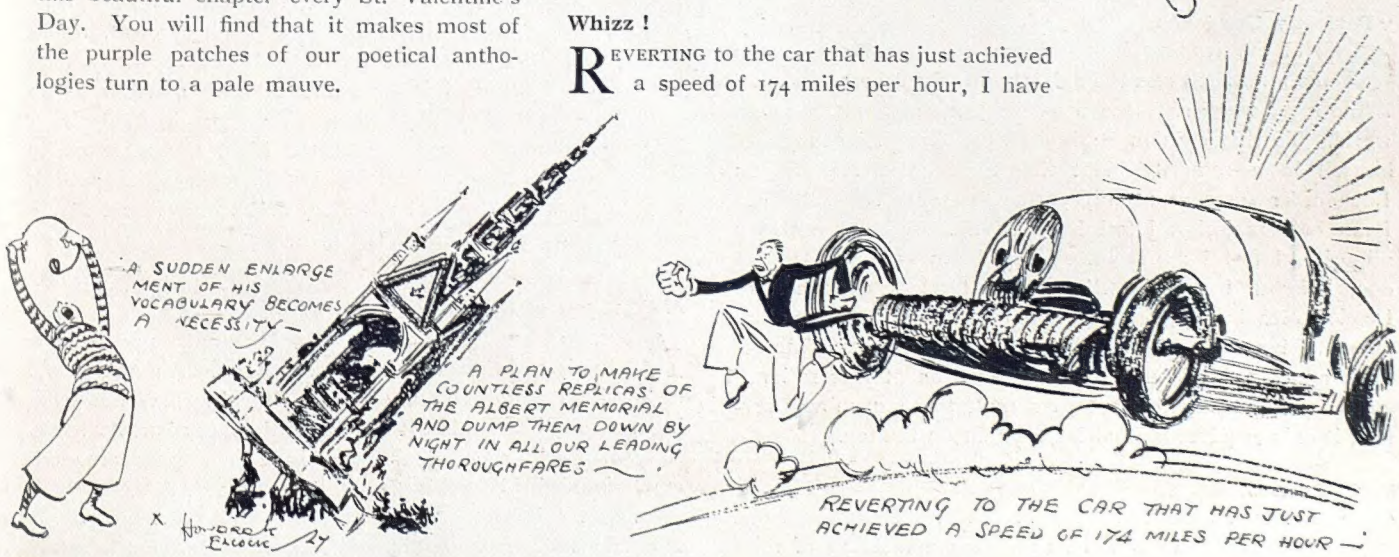
Everybody agrees that we have too many laws. We spend our whole time in devising legislation to harry the innkeeper, harass the bookmaker, and persecute the pernicious purveyor of the nocturnal cigarette. But if we must make a multitude of laws—and it seems that we must—would it not be pleasanter to make old customs compulsory? We might fine every Cabinet Minister who did not send a Valentine. We might imprison every miserable churl who did not eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. And we might publicly and pleasurably hang every stockbroker who did not foot it featly upon the village green on May Day.

Speaking of Dancing

Speaking of maypoles and such delights, the Charleston has a formidable rival in the jolly old country dances which the English Folk Dancing Society is striving, with marked success, to reintroduce. Almost every village now has its centre, where the squire can be seen dancing gaily with old Mother Pepperwort to the strains of "Rufty-tufty" or "Tink-a-tink." There is a snappy lilt in the tuneful old airs and a breath redolent of Merrie England in the very names of the dances—"Gathering Peascods," "The Merry Milkmaids," "The Bonny, Bonny Broom," "Hey, Boys, Up We Go," "Christchurch Bells," "Nancy's Fancy," and "The Maid Peeped Out of the Window." Could anything be more fascinating? But do not, I pray you, allow yourself to be put off by any earnest person who tells you that folk dancing is educative or uplifting. It is not. It is supremely jolly, and that is all there is to it.

Whizz!

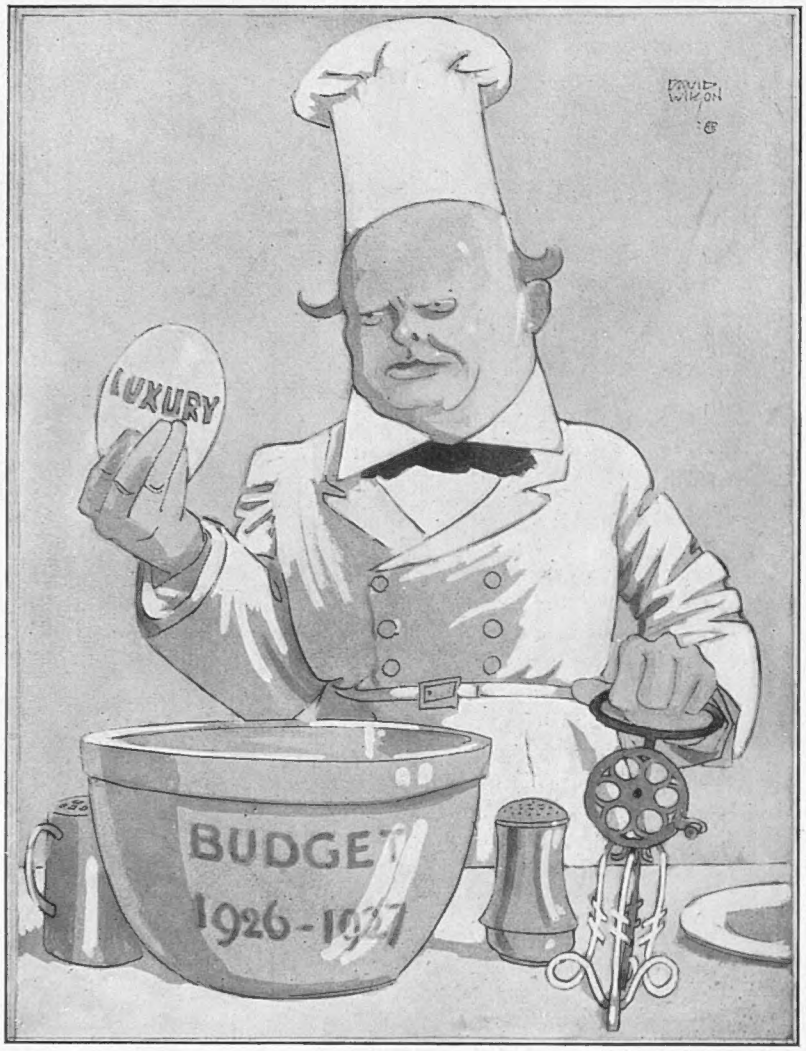
Reverting to the car that has just achieved a speed of 174 miles per hour, I have



no objection to terrific velocity on principle. In the deathless words of the poet:—

Things like these are sure to please
Those who like such things as these.

Indeed, I once went down the Grindelwald bob-run at what seemed to me at the time a much greater speed than this. But, on the whole, I am one of those old-fashioned persons who think that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing slowly. I should hate (say) to drink old tawny port in a hurry. On the other hand, there are things so intrinsically repellent—such as getting up on cold mornings and paying Second Instalment (Schedule D)—that they cry out to be done as lingeringly as possible.



By David Wilson

"CHEF" CHURCHILL'S BIG OMELETTE—ONE OF THE EGGS?

"Perfectly Gorgeous"

One of our leading letter-writers has been loosing upon the innocent Press the opinion that the Albert Memorial is the most wonderful, the most gorgeous monument in the world. To that opinion he is entitled, though he may find himself in a minority. Not that that matters. Abraham Lincoln, or someone equally portentous, once said: "When I am in a majority, I feel I am wrong. When I am in a minority, I feel I am right. When I am in a minority of one, I *know* I am right." So the fearless champion of London's leading eyesore may take courage. There are other opinions, however. An artist friend of mine always alludes to it apocalyptically as "The Abomination of Decoration," and a sculptor acquaintance says that, to be genuinely perfect, it only requires a Sandringham hat on the top.

Frightfulness

There is a delightful story in one of the ever-lamented Saki's books, in which he portrays a meeting of militant Suffragettes, convened to discuss methods of further frightfulness. Such mild tactics as smashing windows and biting Home Secretaries having failed, a policy of ruthless barbarism is called for. The blowing-up of all London's historical monuments is suggested, but rejected as too tame. Then the plan of almost unspeakable frightfulness is evolved: a plan to make countless replicas of the Albert Memorial and dump them down by night in all our leading thoroughfares, the object being to break masculine *moral* once and for all. The Government of the day gave way at once under this appalling threat. That, Saki tells us, is how Woman came to have the Vote.

"D——"

Have you read that intriguing little volume, "Lars Porsena, or The Future of Swearing and Improper Language," which Robert Graves has contributed to "The Essays of To-day and To-morrow"? It is a moot point whether all swearing should be regarded as improper. In certain circumstances it is, indeed, the only proper language. There are times when, in the classically elegant phrase of Mark Twain, "a man must cuss or bust." Swearing is an all-wise Nature's safety-valve for the escape of superfluous steam.

"You Tetrahedron"

There is a time in the affairs of man when a sudden enlargement of his vocabulary becomes a necessity. This moment came to me, a guileless youth, when, during a period of the Great European War, I was placed in charge of a talented mule which specialised in an early form of Charleston. I am told that my progress as a linguist was rapid. Actual violence is not an essential of good swearing. It must, as American advertisers delight in saying, be "different." The classical instance of this "difference" is the occasion on which Dr. Johnson reduced a vituperative washerwoman to silence by calling her a rectilinear parallelopiped. And I remember a sergeant-major who used to walk up and down in front of his victims, murmuring in tones of passionate fervour: "Oh, you nice little soldiers! Oh, you dear little fellows! Oh . . ." It is the emotional intensity that counts.

Sudden Conversion

Dean Inge says that he does not believe in what is called sudden conversion. It is evident that he has not witnesssed the place-kicking performances of Gillies, the Scottish forward, whose skilful and instantaneous "conversion" of so many tries has been a feature of international Rugger matches up to date this season. Gillies seems to delight in difficulties. The more oblique the angle of the kick, the more easily he appears to score. Place-kicking is rather like putting in golf: it is a somewhat neglected art, which would amply repay any little attention given to it.

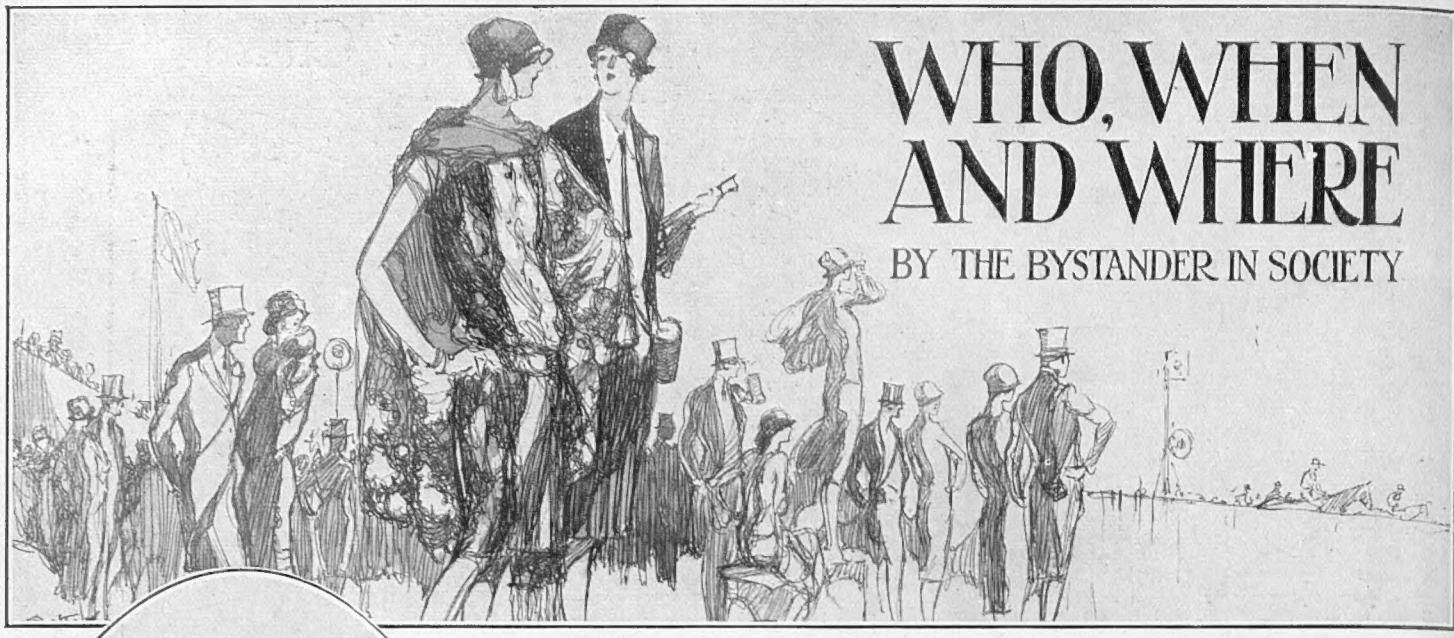
A Question of Courage

A friend of mine assures me that Woman's superiority is purely and simply a matter of courage. A man's pluck, he says, will stand the test of minor difficulties, such as leading a cavalry charge, but it will fail in the face of graver trials. A woman will spend four hours in a shop and come out empty-handed if it hasn't got what she wanted. A woman will tip a waiter according to her own ideas and not the waiter's. No male would have the lionlike courage to do these things!

The Dogs Who Had Their Day at Cruft's

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Among the 9,750 present this year at the Agricultural Hall, a few canine noses may be slightly out of joint at the sudden rise to fame of the Welsh Corgi, writes our artist, but it must be remembered that every dog is entitled to his day. The Corgi's high intelligence and convenient size should certainly recommend him to the town dog-lover. Amongst the old favourites the regal Alsatian was easily "top dog," whilst the Spaniel's star also appears to be rising to its zenith



WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

AFTER THE CEREMONY *L.N.A.*

The Countess of Gainsborough and Baroness Beaumont (left) leaving the House of Lords after the recent opening of Parliament

The Opening of Parliament

Once more the King has "gone down to his Parliament" and opened a new session with a panoply of State and sovereignty which can be seen in no other country in the world. It is the one occasion in the year when the King wears his crown, a blazing symbol of Empire under the lights in the House of Lords.

Last year the Court was in mourning for Queen Alexandra, and the Queen wore black. This year Her Majesty was radiant in cloth of silver, the Cullinan diamond with other wonderful jewels flashing and sparkling about her throat and down the front of her dress. I have never seen a more regal or stately figure as the Queen bowed to right and left after she and the King had ascended the daïs. As she bowed the peeresses, of whom there were a larger number than usual, sank to the ground in deep curtseys.

The opening of Parliament by the King is one of the most solemn and impressive things I know. Just for that brief space you realise, as you realise at no other time of the year, that the pomp and circumstance stand for something which has been the heritage of England since the days of William the Conqueror, the heritage of freedom which kings themselves have vainly tried to assail, and which certain sections of the community in these days are trying to destroy, myself I believe equally vainly.

Some Reflections on Legislation

So Parliament starts again making laws. One of them is to encourage the production and exhibition of British films. I wonder how that will be arrived at; and I wonder, too, if the Free Traders will arise, girded and wrathful, to oppose it? Any Bill framed to protect any British industry always has a large red herring of Protection in it somewhere to somebody, hasn't it?

But all this law-making! My gentles, just think. Every year since the Conquest we've been making laws. Hundreds of millions of money have been spent in administering those laws; thousands of millions have been paid to lawyers to explain those laws after they have been made. In fact, the unravelling of the law has become the most lucrative and the most honourable of our professions. Yet, in spite of eight and a half centuries of law-making, we still go on making laws every year! And on the top of this county councils, borough councils, and even parish councils, make by-laws!

Odd, but true; yet it only goes to show

L.N.A.

I.B.

AT THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

The Duchess of Northumberland, the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness, and Lady Carson

The Countess of Minto and the Countess of Haddington

that human nature hasn't changed in all those centuries. Some of us may cavil at the yearly flow of legislation, but perhaps Lowell had a deeper perception of actuality than the cavillers when he wrote :—

"New times demand new measures and new men,
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our father's time were best.
And doubtless after us some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth."

Londonderry House

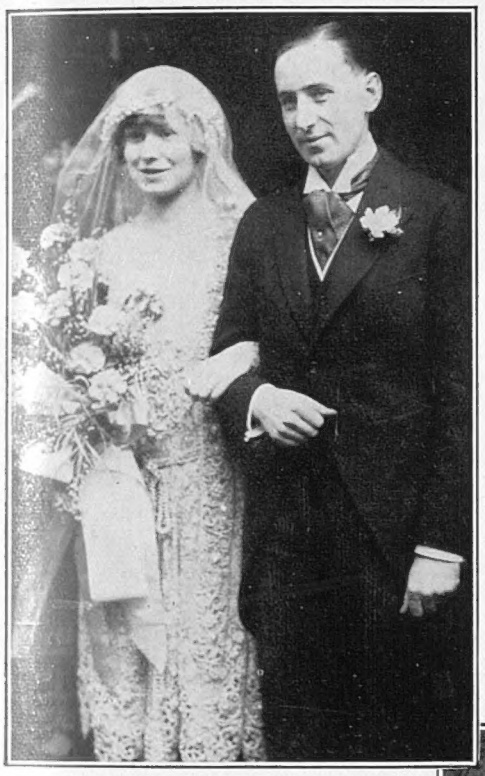
EIGHTEEN hundred people crowded the great picture gallery and the series of beautiful rooms surrounding it at the party given by Lady Londonderry "to meet the Prime Minister" at Londonderry House on the night before the opening of Parliament. For nearly two hours Lady Londonderry, a radiant vision in a gold-coloured dress, with the great Londonderry diadem blazing in her hair, long diamond earrings, and necklaces of diamonds and turquoises, stood at the top of the staircase shaking hands with the guests who mounted the staircase in a never-ending stream. Mr. Baldwin stood beside her, going through the same labour of hand-shaking.

There were more tiaras than ever, and scarcely a male coat-lapel without rows of orders on it, ribands, uniforms, and levee dress galore, as many of the men had come on from the Ministerial official dinners. It was a brilliant party, perfectly done, and yet one morning paper said there were no alcoholic drinks in the great dining-room below the picture gallery, where supper was served. But your Bystander can testify that the champagne was excellent. Where do people get these quaint ideas from?

Central News

ROYAL AMBASSADORS

The Duke and Duchess of York leaving the theatre at Jamaica after receiving an address of welcome. They are being greeted enthusiastically at the various stopping places on their journey



LEAVING ST. MARK'S *G.P.U.*

The Hon. Charles Allanson-Winn, second son of Lord Headley, and his bride, Miss Hilda Wells Thorpe, leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after their wedding. The Hon. Mrs. Allanson-Winn is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Wells Thorpe, of Hampstead

Peeresses in the Lords

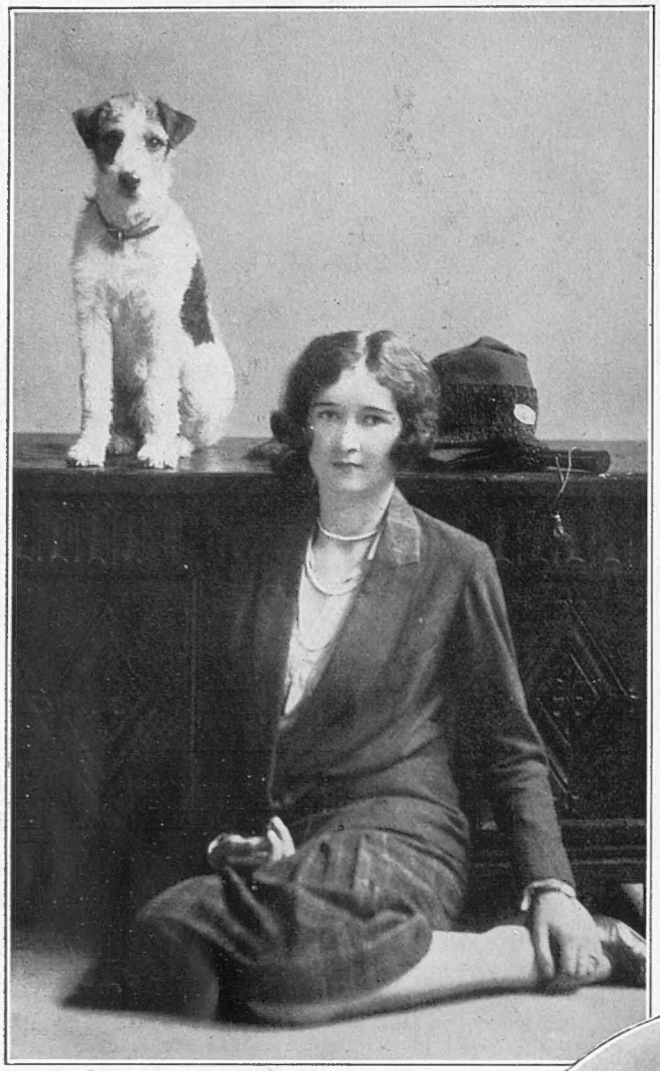
I DON'T know why peeresses in their own right should be given a complimentary dinner, and three of them have told me that they don't know themselves. Nevertheless, to-morrow week—that is, February 24—the Women's Election Committee is giving a dinner to these ladies. But, so far as I am able to gather, only a very few of the twenty-three ladies who are peeresses in their own right will be present.

It is all a question of them being given seats in the House of Lords. You will remember that the proposal was rejected by the Lords some little time ago. Personally, I cannot see the logic of the rejection,

Quick Pictures

A FEBRUARY WEDDING

A group taken after the wedding of Mr. Anthony Crommelin Crossley, only son of Sir Kenneth and Lady Crossley, and Miss Clare Thomson, elder daughter of Colonel Alan Fortescue Thomson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Thomson, of Kennethmont, Aberdeenshire. The ceremony took place in Westminster Cathedral



TWO'S COMPANY *Lewis*

Mrs. W. B. Wilberforce and A. N. Other join in making a charming study for the photographer. Mrs. Wilberforce, who is the daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Dormer, married Mr. W. B. Wilberforce, K.O.Y.L.I., last November

because if women can be elected to sit as members of Parliament in the Commons, thereby having the same right as men, why should not women peers have the same hereditary privilege of sitting in the Lords as male peers?

Lord Astor is bringing forward a Bill to give them the right. He will speak at the dinner. The Duchess of Atholl and Lady Rhondda will also speak, the latter a peeress in her own right. But, oddly enough, the majority of the ladies who have inherited peerages don't seem at all eager to have places on the red benches in the House of Lords.

Valentines

ONCE upon a time, when the oldest among us were very young, February 14 saw the postman as heavily laden as on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Their postbags were filled with valentines. You could be a young woman's "valentine" in those days without any fear of breach of promise. In fact, valentine sending was a part of the game of flirtation, or it might have a more serious import, conveying a message impossible to give by word of mouth because of the dragon-like guarding of young women by their mothers or chaperons.

This year, I am told, an effort is being made to revive the valentine, but, unless I am entirely mistaken in the outlook of our time, it has as much chance of success as the efforts which have been made from time to time to bring back crinolines and knee-breeches. Apart from flirtation, the valentine was a godsend to timid lovers or to lovers who had little or no opportunity of seeing their lady-loves alone. It was a "tender declaration" when seriously meant.

But what would be the use of a young woman of to-day receiving a valentine from a young man by the first post on February 14 with the words painted upon lace or parchment, "Ever of thee I am fondly dreaming," and then being addressed by him as "Old Bean" or "Old Skin" at a dance the same evening? And at that dance she might very possibly hear him say to another girl with whom he was dancing: "I must drop you, as I have to take my Old Piece for a crack round the room"—the valentined damsel being the "Old Piece." Human nature to-day is exactly what it always has been. But its expression differs from generation to generation. In the heyday of the valentine heart-smitten swains quoted the poets. To-day youth expresses its love emotions very differently. Not long ago the heir to a peerage proposed to the one who is now his wife thus:

"I say, Old Pot, what do you say to our doing a double turn at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge?"

Bertram Park

MISS HERMIONE BULLOUGH

A new portrait of the only child of Sir George and Lady Bullough. Her father's seats are Kinloch Castle, Isle of Rhum, and The Down House, Redmarley, Gloucestershire

Family Tradition

ONE of the four youthful pages of honour who carried the Royal trains at the opening of Parliament is carrying on a family tradition in holding a place at Court. This is Edward Legge-Bourke, whose paternal grandfather, Colonel Sir Harry Legge, was for thirty-five years a member of the Royal *entourage*. Sir Harry's son Nigel was in the Coldstreamers, and was killed early in the War. He had inherited a large fortune from his uncle by marriage, the Hon. Henry Bourke, a son of the fifth Earl of Mayo, whose name he added to his own.

Mr. Henry Bourke was on the Stock Exchange, and when he died left something over half a million. On his widow's death, about eighteen months ago, a trust fund of £200,000, which he had left to her, was released, Mr. Bourke's will directing that it should be used to provide a residential club for the benefit of poor commissioned naval and military officers, past, present, active, or retired, whose income from all sources is between £50

Angus Faith

A BRIDE-TO-BE

A new portrait of Miss Ellinor Wilby, who is engaged to Mr. Eric Carter Braine, M.C., son of Mr. C. Carter Braine, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Carter Braine. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilby, of Denby Dale

ONLOOKERS AT CHELMSFORD *Sport and General*

A photograph taken in the paddock at the Chelmsford February Meeting. The group comprises the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham (left), Mr. Whithington, Major the Hon. Humphrey Wyndham and Mrs. Whithington

and £150, and to be called the Bourke Naval and Military Club.

Mr. Nigel Legge-Bourke married the Marquess of Lincolnshire's youngest daughter, Lady Victoria Carrington, who was one of the Queen's train-bearers at the Coronation. She married Lord Forester's brother, Major Edric Weld-Forester, two years after the death of her first husband.

The Home of the Compasses

If anybody had asked me where the compasses used in the Navy came from, without any hesitation I should have said Greenwich. But they don't. They come from what used to be ducal surroundings. This is Ditton Park, near Slough, which used to belong to the Dukes of Buccleuch, and was left to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's father, the first baron, by the fifth Duke. Here all the compasses used in the Navy and Air Force are repaired, corrected and adjusted. There is a remarkable museum there also of compasses, forming a collection which is said to be the most valuable in the world

Generosity

The Duke of Montrose was to have moved the Address in the House of Lords, but owing to illness his place was taken by the Earl of Leven and Melville, who is a Representative Peer of Scotland. Although the titles date, one from the middle and the other from the end of the seventeenth century, the present peer is thirteenth Earl of Leven and twelfth Earl of Melville, the Leven earldom going to the Melville family through a female descent.

Some little time ago Lord Leven and Melville made a most generous gift to the town of Bournemouth, ten acres of woodland known as Pugs Hole, thus preserving for ever the last piece of natural forest land remaining of the once famous Talbot Woods. The value of the land was £10,000.

Such generosity is traditional in the family, for Lord Leven and Melville's father gave £60,000 for the restoration of the Chapel Royal at Holyrood, and when this was found to be architecturally impossible, devoted the money to building the beautiful Thistle Chapel in St. Giles's Cathedral at Edinburgh, where the Knights of the Thistle hold their Chapters.

The Flemish Exhibition

No exhibition at Burlington House has ever aroused more interest than that of Flemish Art, and to mark that success, as well as to emphasise the cordial relations between this country and Belgium, last week the President and Council of the Royal Academy joined with the President and Council of the Anglo-Belgian Union in giving a reception. Some two thousand people were received by Sir Frank Dicksee and Viscount and Viscountess Burnham.

The Late Emperor of Japan

Fifty years ago the mere suggestion that a memorial service should be held in Westminster Abbey for a foreign Sovereign not of the Christian faith would have been scouted with horror. And I doubt if even twenty years ago such a service would have passed unchallenged by a certain section of Church and other folk in this country.

The memorial service, therefore, in Westminster Abbey for the late Emperor of Japan last Wednesday may be taken as a sign of our new broadness of view.

WITH "THE BLAZERS" *Poole, Waterford*

Lieut.-Col. M. O'Malley Keyes, the new Master, and C. Haynes, the huntsman, photographed at a recent meet of the County Galway Hounds at Craughwell. Lieut.-Col. O'Malley Keyes is also a keen Polo player and plays every season at Biarritz

Sport and General

WAITING TO MOVE OFF

The Master, Lord Henry Nevill, with Lady Camden and Lady Markham at a recent meet of the Eridge at Eridge Green. Lord Henry Nevill has been Master of this pack since 1893

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

AT THE RACES

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Hobson discussing the events of the day. The photograph was taken at the recent race meeting at Cannes

THE present winter will be long remembered as one of the driest on record on the French Riviera—not, of course, in the American sense, but far from it! At the races at Cannes, in common with many thousands of spectators who were also tempted by the brilliant sun and the promising programme, I saw the dust flying at the heels of the horses as they galloped by—all, that is to say, except the one I had backed on the strength of a friendly but misguided tip, which trotted round so calmly that it looked like being ahead of the horses in the ensuing race.

BUT to see the dust fly on a turf course in February must be *very* rare in England. The stands were uncomfortably crowded, and well-known people were present from all parts of the coast. The Rajah of Pudukota developed a broad smile after the victory of his recently acquired horse in the second race, and kept smiling for the rest of the afternoon. Prince Christian of Hesse was there with friends from America, and seldom misses a day's racing here.

THE Cannes Casino, in spite of the gloomy predictions of some people earlier in the season, is beating all financial records, and the baccarat rooms are a remarkable sight, especially at night. Play is extremely high, and the spectacle of fortunes being lost and won in an hour attracts a dense crowd to the barriers around the big tables. One American visitor, said to have made a fortune in real estate, and who since his last visit to Cannes has been divorced and has married the same wife again, lost £35,000 after dinner a few nights ago—at which rate his fortune will not last him long!

THE Duke of Westminster, whose yacht, the *Cutty Sark*, is easily the fastest craft in the harbour, is playing most nights, while other regular visitors include the Countess of Dudley, with some wonderful emeralds, Sir Mortimer and Lady Davis, Lady Orr-Lewis, the usual Greeks, one of the Dolly Sisters—I never know which is which, but I think this is Rosy—Constance Duchess of Westminster, who is going on to San Remo, while her husband, Captain Lewis, remains to finish his engagements in the Gallia tennis tournament, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Baron Maurice de Rothschild, and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Gray, of Mount Street.

MR. HENRY NEVILLE GLADSTONE, who is one of our oldest winter visitors, came straight to Cannes after the close of the great law-suit, and has been overwhelmed with congratulations by his many friends.

THE Crown Prince of Sweden paid a brief visit to the Duke of Connaught last week-end, while on his way from Rome back to Stockholm, and the King of Sweden is expected at Nice for his usual Spring holiday on the 26th. Lady Churston and the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller have arrived at Les Bruyères as guests of the Duke of Connaught, and will be very popular additions to local Society. The Marchioness of Douro and her children are staying at Beaulieu with Lady Glentanar, and Mrs. Henry Ainley is visiting Sir William and Lady Mills, whose villa adjoins the estate of the Duke on Cap Ferrat.

L. N. A.

GREETING THE VICTOR

Miss Ryan receiving congratulations from the Mayor of Cannes, Baron de St. Marc, and Mrs. Scovell after winning the Ladies' Singles in the lawn tennis tournament. This is Miss Ryan's third successive victory

THERE are numerous fresh arrivals at Monte Carlo, among them Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood, Sir Charles and Lady Cottier, Lord Gisborough—who already looks much better after his illness—Sir George Piggott and Sir Frederick and Lady Preston, who have arrived with their yacht, the *Portia*.

MANY large parties have been held lately. Brigadier-General and Mrs. Weir, to celebrate the anniversary of the recovery of the General from a severe operation in the local hospital, entertained over a hundred friends at the Grand Hotel, while the Marquise de Maleissye, who was before her marriage Miss Edith Lyman Collins, of New York, gave an At Home at the Château de l'Hermitage at Cap d'Ail, at which the still famous and fascinating Mme. Yvette Guilbert sang to a crowd of two hundred guests with great success.

L. Navello

THE MORNING STROLL

Lieut.-General Sir William Pulteney and Lady Pulteney enjoying the Riviera sunshine. Overcoats can easily be dispensed with on a fine day

ALL goes well at Menton, and recent concerts, gala dinners, and dances have been well attended. This week we are to have a Japanese Ball, followed by a supper, and if it is jollier than the Harlequin and Pierrot night at the Imperial Hotel it will be a very bright affair indeed. The Menton Carnival begins on February 24, and the 22nd International Tennis Tournament follows on the 28th. Sir Paul and Lady Dukes, Lady Wise, Lady Lowther, Lady Leach, and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, the popular novelist, are among many recent arrivals in the town, and the Anglo-American Club, which claims to be the oldest established social and bridge club on the Riviera, reports many new members every week.

THIS week will see the annual contests for the Riviera Challenge Cup and prizes at the Hyères Golf Club, and a big entry is expected. The Villa Golf Challenge Plate for ladies was won last week by Mrs Banning, with Miss Harland a close second, while there were 36 entries for the Men's Medals in January. The silver medal went to Dr. S. W. Elliott and the bronze medal to Mr. H. M. Paull, and others taking part included Viscount Broome, Sir W. M. Parker, Sir D. Dalrymple, Lieut.-Colonel W. K. Bernard, Major G. D. Ewart, and Colonel H. G. Wortabet. Hyères is one of the rare places where croquet is a special feature.

Two Future Brides

Pictured by the Camera

Hay Wrightson

MISS BARBARA CARTLAND

The only daughter of the late Major Cartland and Mrs Cartland, of Chelsea, who is to marry Mr. Alexander McCorquodale. Miss Cartland is one of the most promising of our younger writers

Angus Forth

MISS PEARL McDERMOTT

Whose engagement to Mr. A. Graham Johnson, of Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, has been announced. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McDermott, of St. Helier's, Jersey

IS SENTIMENT DEAD?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"One of the Devil's chief assets"

LONDON, *February* 14.

DEAR COUSIN—

THAT good old Festival of St. Valentine it is to-day, or was, rather—you know, that specially nice and handsome young saint there's a famous picture of somewhere in Florence, I think, at the Pitti, or Uffizi, or somewhere, all surrounded with arrows they'd been shooting at him just to learn him to be a saint, so to speak, as the quaint old custom seems to've been those days. . . . Which was why apparently people used to send each other such sweet scented cards and things on February 14 in the old times, all covered with Cupids and quivers and rhymes about hearts and darts, and so on—though can't altogether quite see the connection 'twixt the two, can you?

ANYWAY, afraid the aforesaid dear old custom's rather died out, now, seemingly, spite of all they said about reviving its ancient glories, etcet. Fact is, I suppose, we aren't half sentimental enough nowadays, not in that sort or kind of direction, at any rate, which seemed to go with crinolines and bustles and whiskers all right, but . . . Somehow, can't see the coy, shrinking maiden of to-day opening a perfumed missive all of a blush and a delicious shiver, as they call it in the old books, and pressing fondly to her lips a perfectly sweet confection of lovely lacy paper, all blue forget-me-nots and silver edges and messages of the fondest love in the world's worst doggerel—see few surviving specimens thereof as preserved in the British Museum, or, anyway, by some private collectors.

INSTEAD of which we just have special Valentine Nights at our special pubs or clubs, like Ciro's or the Nightlight, and dance gaily away till three or four a.m., with him for whom in good Victoria's days I suppose we'd have sort of sat and sighed in our boudoirs (sighing's a bit out of the mode now, isn't it, like swooning?). And anything he's got to say he can say over the cocktails or Charlestoning or driving there *or* back—or for that matter any time or place. Which really, *sans doute*, makes half the diff. . . . I mean takes a few chaperones and conventions and things to give flavour to the Valentine business, doesn't it, and we've quite thoroughly abolished both.

MORE the Valentino touch these days that hits the high spots (as they put it in *Broadway*), what? Which is sentiment, all right, methinks, but *not* the coy and shrinking kind, not by no means. Sort of mass—*schwärmerei* for film-heroes and people—but not done, even that, come to think of it, by anyone you meet much. No, methinks, sentiment's a bit of a washout, and on the shelf these brisk and swoonless days, or anyway, somewhat more subtly wrapped up in some books and plays of the moment, and even then nothing like pre-war strength, as they say.

RATHER too much out-of-door sort of idea about things around now, is not there, to give the old sentimental brand much of a chance. Which was all very well, I'm sure, when skirts flopped and swished and swept the ground in that horrid old insanitary way, and the Young Lady of the Period did her daily bit of strenuous exercise in a brougham or landau or something in the Park, complete with chignon and carefully poised parasol. But doesn't somehow seem to go half so well with real work in offices and places, or driving your own car, or hockey, or golf.

HAST ever felt, by the way, and been fairly bowled over—no, not by any great thought this time, but just that wonderful, inspiring, intoxicating, top-of-your-form sort of feeling all down your spine when you stand on the first tee on a bright February morning? The sun shining its very dashedest in the way of pre-Spring efforts above your head, and sparkling on to the club house roof and through the slim feathery trees near by, and a little white ball all smiling at you as it sits up waiting on a little red peg, while beyond stretches a bright green alleyway of soft lissom grass . . .

AND makes you almost forget even that you're one of the Devil's chief assets, which is what one of the bright spots of the Salvation Army (feminine, of course) has just been calling women. Shocked she is (and Victoria's rightly her

Why shouldn't we have a cocktail while choosing a hat?

name) by the immodesty in dress *and* conduct of the Anglo-Saxon girl. Why, if you'll believe me, she's actually even heard, says she, that "flirtation is no longer considered a sin." Isn't it too terribly frightful? Likewise modern dancing's immoral, and the music thereof is born in ——, well. But, all the same, somehow,

I don't care.
I don't mind—

as they say in one of the songs of the moment and heedlessly, recklessly, I grasp my club and, murmuring a swift benediction like "Here's to quick results and no consequences" (as Tallulah puts it in *The Gold Diggers*), smite the little ball a hefty blow that may or may not beat the record, but, anyway, starts it rolling, so to speak, on a rather sweet and lovely career.

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Even as, dear brethren and sistren, we are now just driving off into this first and still rather quietish stage of the so-called Season, that's just timidly pushing its tender little nose up like the snowdrops and extra early crocuses right here in London now. And if there *should* happen to be a few bunkers ahead in the way of weather, and wars, and strikes, and clashing dates, and whatnot—well, we'll hope for the best all the time, *n'est-ce pas?* and even if there's a fluff or two on the way, keep our optics firmly fixed (when we're not trying to hit the ball, anyway) on the cheerful little flag that goes gaily waving and fluttering away on the green whatever happens, and smilingly whispering of how—

——In a single night
Fair February came
Bidding my lips to sing
Or whisper their surprise,
Withall the joy of Spring
And morning in her eyes

卐

At which times, meseems, a little frivolousness and joyousness were not altogether amiss. Yet, alas, there are yet some people extant and existing (living, I will *not* say) in this dawn of the year who deem frivolity bad for the soul. And even declare solemnly and ponderously in the Sunday papers, or pompously and oratorically before their own home fires (warming their—well, systems the while), that This is an age of . . . Tosh and Trash says one, and Decadence and Unbelief says another—but, anyway, we *always* know what to expect, don't we? when anyone starts, pushes, or blithers off with This is an age of . . . Like the people who say "nowadays" (as if they'd been in the show since about 4004 B.C., or so), and talk about tendencies of the day, and the young woman of 1927, and—oh, yes!—the type of man (yes, dear cousin, still meetable just here and there in shires and suburbs) who loves a real good old waltz, says he, but can't stand "this modern dancing."

But live and let live's my motter, and if it amuses 'em why not let 'em, says I. They won't prevent the flowerets from pushing up through the dear brown earth or the birds from twittering hopefully and flirtatious-like, or the days from getting longer and longer, and the sun getting warmer and goldener every day, or even Parliament from sitting—so why worry? Especially as you know the ball really has started rolling, and the prophets, of course, prophesying (as usual) the brilliantest Season that ever was. And crowds and masses of debs. that missed their coming-out dances through the Strike fixing 'em up now instead, *and* ordering new frocks of the latest *crêpe de Chine* and fringe variety in dear, busy Bond Street, full of sun and smiles. While with exquisite daffs., and brilliant tulips, and riotously joyous anemones simply spilling their colour about at street corners — well, already you can positively sniff May coming, and all the hectic rush that starts with the R.A. (where, by the way, they had a lovely party last week, but of that more anon).

"Golf"

"Modern dancing's immoral"

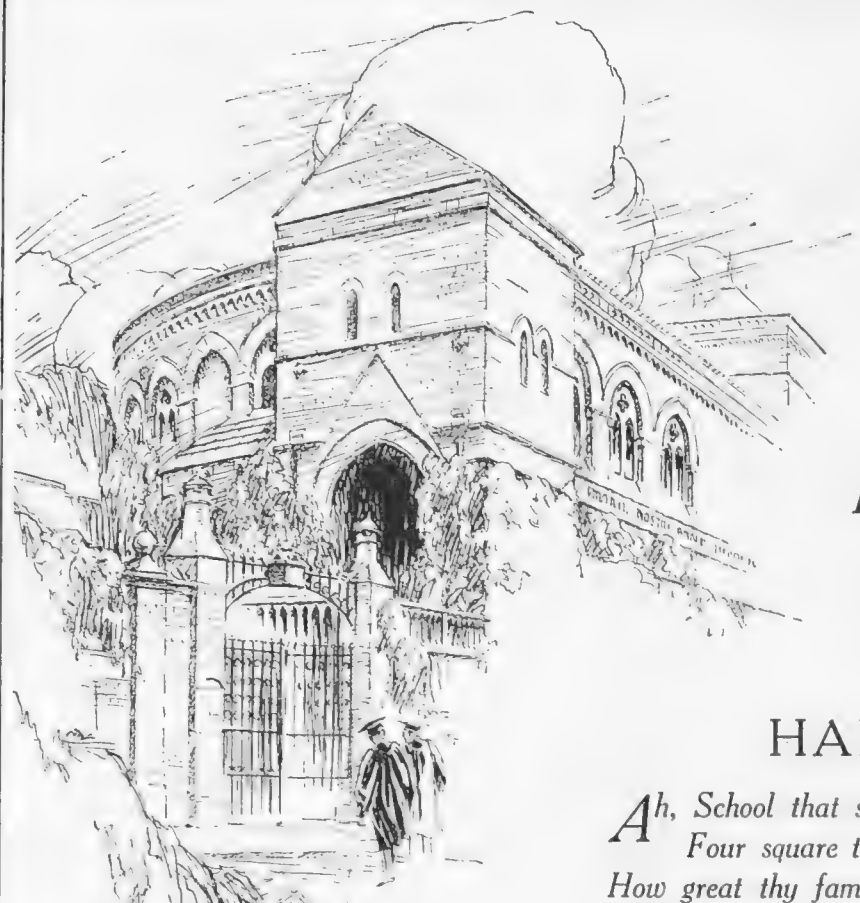
卐

And there's Winston, too, telling us about how we're doing so fearfully well and reducing the National Debt, and all, says he—though no word, alas, of cutting down our inc. tax and the rates we pay to keep our budding Bolshies on the dole, what? And the amusement merchants are busyish fixing up things, too, methinks, even though first nights have been rare this last week or so, including special Charleston and Black Bottom affairs—though, am told, by the way, you know that in lil' old Noo Yark they're dead as mutton or the Dodo, these said U.S. stunts, which are often so frightfully hectic, but usually short lived to balance matters. And now one of that reticent class of people known as "authors," yclept Andrew Soutar, who wrote the book of the film "Butterflies in the Rain," which was screened for the first time at the Astoria t'other day, has made the original, not to say startling, assertion that he was quite completely satisfied with the film version of his book! Squashed all the rumours, he did, after this first thunderbolt, of Hollywood being a "city of naughty night." So, methinks, some of these film stars are not as bad as they're painted. What?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.



Public Schools of England

HARROW

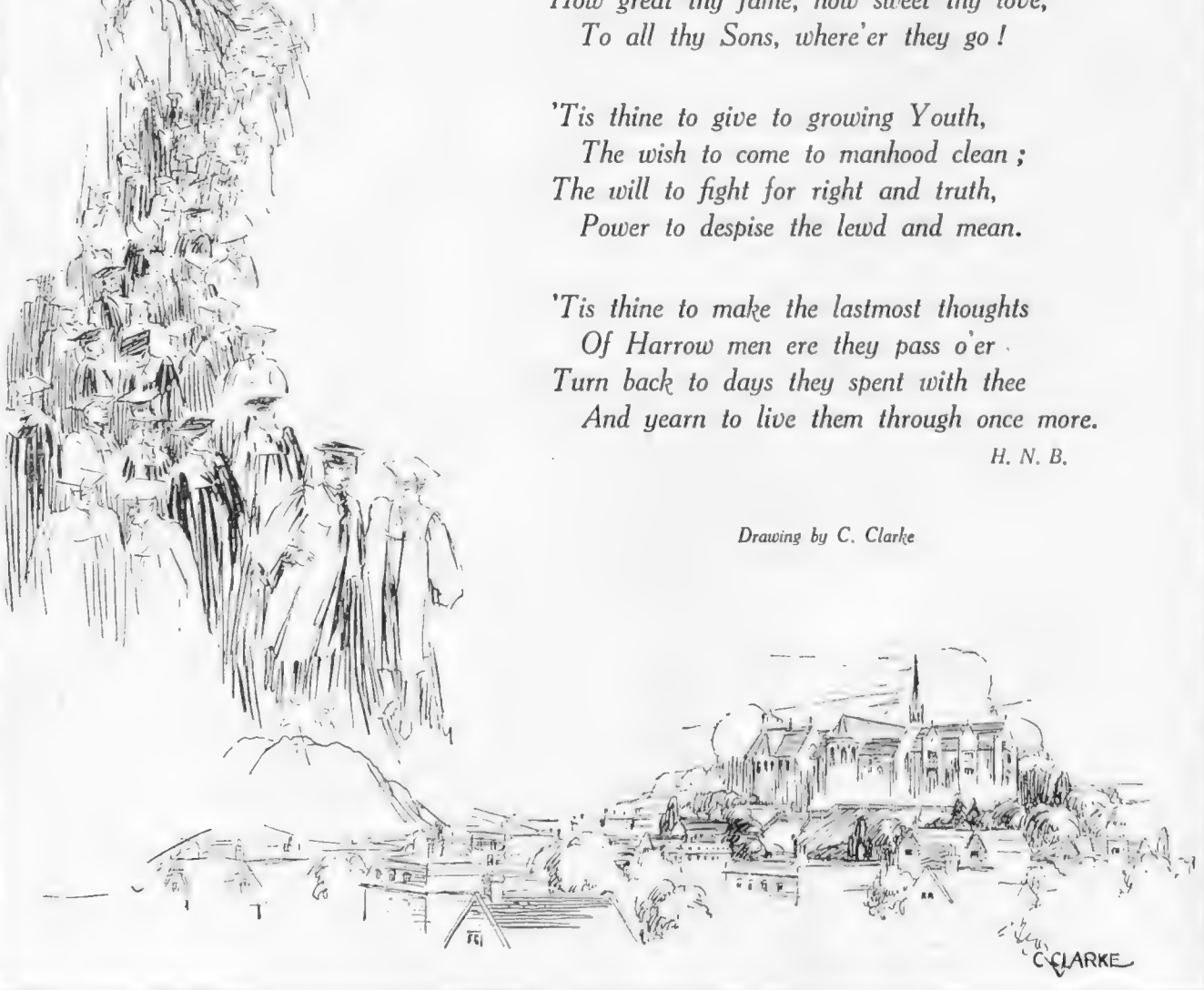
Ah, School that stands upon a hill
Four square to all the winds that blow,
How great thy fame, how sweet thy love,
To all thy Sons, where'er they go!

'Tis thine to give to growing Youth,
The wish to come to manhood clean;
The will to fight for right and truth,
Power to despise the lewd and mean.

'Tis thine to make the lastmost thoughts
Of Harrow men ere they pass o'er
Turn back to days they spent with thee
And yearn to live them through once more.

H. N. B.

Drawing by C. Clarke



RUGGER REACTIONS

AS ONE SCOT TO ANOTHER

By "PENDARVES"

CARDIFF, *Saturday night.*

MY DEAR ANDREW—

You were quite right. It is all very expensive down here. The worst thing that happened to me to-day was on the way to the ground. I bought an "official" programme just outside the gates for sixpence. They were selling them just inside the ground for twopence. *Can you beat it?* They could never get away with that at Murrayfield However, I got that sorted* all right by selling it to a Welshman in the stand for a shilling. He had come late and was quite pleased. So was I. Because a programme was no use for numbers on account of the mud!

Man, it was grand! The kilt was all over Cardiff the day. There seemed to be more Scottish than Welsh in this foreign town. There usually is ye'll have observed. Like Singapore and Shanghai—aye. They sang hymns from pieces of paper handed round the crowds, to keep their spirits up, I suppose. I kept mine down from yon flask you gave me over that bet we had. It was grand. The Prince of Wales came out and ploughed a lonely furrow to the centre of the ground to shake hands with all our boys, and theirs, too, mark you. He's a great wee lad is this Prince of Wales: aye, I like his impartiality.

It had rained all the forenoon. 'Tis different rain to ours. We seem to have more bone in our ground. There was no bone in this, only mud. Nobody could *play* the game. It was going to be a forward fight only. And I don't mind telling ye I was not too comfortable about this, remembering how shaky our boys had been against France. Moreover, Wales, I understand, have got a lot of policemen playing for them—and they are used to this kind of thing, likely.

After twenty minutes play our blue jerseys and white shorts had disappeared. Their red jerseys and blue shorts had disappeared. It was thirty men, all clothed in dark brown, their features obliterated, too, slithering and scrambling in the rain. One knew vaguely which side was which because one had been there at the kick-off and knew which way Scotland was playing, and which way Wales. But if you had come into the stand just before half-time you would have had great difficulty in following the game at all, had you not known, as I did, the way Jimmie Nelson moves about, and Drysdale crouches, and Bannerman breaks from a loose maul and Gillies gets into a scrum.

It was a pound to a shilling that the Welsh would have worn us down on their own familiar mud. Our three-quarters had no chance to move in line (neither had theirs); the scrum halves could not pick the ball up; the stand-offs could not hold it when it reached them. The backs had to wait for the ball until it stotted,† for nobody can catch seven pounds of wet soap and hold it, and when they did it stotted the wrong way. There was a time when Drysdale had the ball kicked to him and stood with his legs wide open waiting to receive it with those sure hands of his. It hit the ground and skidded, not rising an inch from the morass and just slid through his legs. This is not football. It is not anything.

Anyway, there was one thing about that match I shall never forget, and it was the way our forwards held them. They not only held them, but hung on, tired to dropping point and caked with mud as they were. They wheeled them off the ball time after time in the scrums. We were not getting the ball, and so we wheeled, and went on wheeling. And when we were not doing this we were following up, *all the pack together* using its feet. Not isolated men in twos and threes, but all eight of them, compactly and continually. Man, it was grand!

The score means nothing. The ball slid out of the hands of a Welsh three-quarter in their 25 and Kerr managed to hold it and dive over the line with it. But Rowe Harding, for Wales, very nearly did the same thing twice, and Ivor Jones once. It was pure luck, was that. Gillies' place kick gave us an extra two points that not one side in fifty would have got from that angle on that day. But then there are not two men in two hundred who can kick goals as Gillies kicks them.

Their policemen and civilians fought on and on to the end. They were our equals and at times our betters in the close mauls, and the line-outs and the strugglings. But, as is the case with all these heavy, matured men, they began perceptibly to tire towards the dreadful end. They could not follow up, except in jerks, breathless jerks with no sting at the end of them. And so we won. I don't say that we played better football individually. I don't think we did. Male was as good as Drysdale at full-back, and both were splendid. Nelson and Waddell stuck it better than Delahay and Gwyn Richards at half, because Delahay was finished long before the end. He has played too long. It was the Scottish *feet* that carried us through—all sixteen feet going together, and *keeping it up*.

I got a couple of Welshmen talking in the bar here this evening, and from what the two of them said I think we should consider an Agency here. I will discuss this further with you and Macalister at lunch on Friday. You will remember it is *his* turn for the lunch.

Yours aye, DAVID.

* A Scottish term meaning "adjusted," "mended," etc.

† Bounced

"WELL OVER, SIR!" *Sport and General*

W. E. Braddon gets over in the corner for Devon in the Southern semi-final of the County Championship. In this game Kent beat Devon by 26 points to 11

Produced January 25, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by
MACMICHAEL

THIS is Mr. Harry Green's personally conducted entertainment. The rest of his company hardly matter in the presence of such an overwhelming individuality. Mr. Green is John Bauer, an industrial magnate in the canning industry out West. He has built up a business in the course of thirty years of hard work in order that his son Jack may drop into a good thing in due course. And Jack comes back from college as one of the very modern young men who know how to run a business because they have read all about it in a book. He first harangues his father's workers, giving them to understand that they are not getting their fair share of the profits of the canning factory, and we all know that when somebody comes along and tells us that we are worth more money than we are getting we cannot help lending an ear to the flattering tale.

JACK'S next step is to hold a meeting and pass a resolution, without which proceedings no Labour movement can satisfactorily function. Everything, they say, is produced by Labour, therefore Labour should have its fair share of the plums of the business. The labour of the man who has by diligent toil learned to sell goods to people who don't want to buy them—which is the foundation of commerce—does not, of course, matter. Kruger, the foreman of the works, is elected as the spokesman of the employees, and though he cannot pronounce the high-sounding vocabulary of Labour doctrinaires, and does not know what the words mean, he is none the less puffed up with pride, and the usual pomposity of elected persons.

KRUGER is hailed as the "Lincoln" of the factory, the man who is going to emancipate the workers from "slavery." It is he who breaks the news to Mr. Bauer that, unless the business is at once run on Communist lines, he will call a strike. He refers in his half-baked way to the labour that built the Pyramids, a rather unfortunate comparison, since they at least furnish evidence that the labour of that day produced enduring work, which cannot fairly be said of the workmanship of to-day. Then Jack comes into his father's office to support his foreman against the old man, who is thus jockeyed into signing an agreement to hand over the business to his employees, for the reason that, his credit being largely overdrawn for the moment at the local bank, he cannot afford to entertain the idea of a strike at the works.

THE First Act is mostly taken up with a discussion in the usual terms, with which we are, most of us, familiar, in which the rival claims of employer and employed are flung about copiously without bringing a change of heart to either of the contestants. Views of a lifetime do not readily surrender to mere logic. But it is the plaintively humorous manner of Mr. Green that makes the discussion of the "dismal science" so vastly entertaining. His quaint Teuto-American dialect, which lends itself so admirably both to humour and pathos, keeps the

A FEW HOME TRUTHS *Stage Photo Co.*

Albert Kruger (Edward De Tisne), who has been John Bauer's foreman for many years, declares that, thanks to the teachings of his employer's son, Jack (Leonard Upton), he is a Communist. His daughter, Marion Kruger (Dorothy Seacombe), thereupon calls him a fool in no mild manner

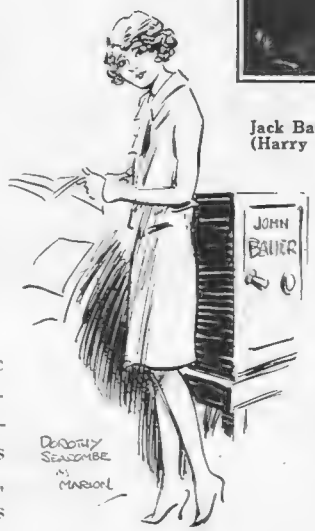
A FAMILY BREACH *Stage Photo Co.*

Jack Bauer (Leonard Upton), who is imbued with "Red" ideas, prevents his father (Harry Green) from 'phoning for assistance. Kruger (Edward De Tisne) watches the struggle with mixed emotions

house in roars of laughter, even when he is merely emphasising an obvious commonplace. And when he becomes a little tearful at the renegade conduct of the son he has toiled for, his grief has a moving pathos that rings true.

IN the Second Act the factory has become communised. Kruger the foreman, no longer in his shirt sleeves, but in a black coat and hat, which latter he forgets to remove while in Mr. Bauer's office, with true Communistic etiquette, struts about, working industriously, and also manifestly, with a toothpick. Presently, remembering that he is a leading official of the new organisation, he sits at the old "boss's" desk, and puts his feet on the blotting pad by way of indicating that he is a superior person. In spite of all this elaborate dressing of the window, however, it has to be sadly recorded that the business is not prospering. The factory workers, deluded by their "leaders," have withdrawn their savings from the bank in the hope of a two or three hundred per cent. profit, and when they find that somehow the business is not bringing in any cash, in spite of the fact that Labour produces everything, they get a little restless. In fact, both Jack and his ally, Mr. Kruger, hesitate to go into the works and tell the truth to the employees because the latter have got their hammers and their spanners in readiness for a complete and staggering reply.

ALL this, of course, sounds dreadfully like controversial politics, but it is really nothing of the kind as represented on the stage here. The whole thing is carried off with a lively wave of humour which swamps the audience so completely that even the prospect of a fellow man being swatted on the head with what in coroners' courts they call "a blunt instrument" evokes delighted laughter. Then into the cloud of disaster comes a clear ray of light in the person of Thomas Craig, a benevolent millionaire who is prepared to finance a scheme for bringing canned goods to the homes of the people. The fact that outside philanthropy is necessary to make Labour a remunerative concern is perhaps a weak spot in the development of the thesis; but as it presently happens that Thomas Craig is a certified lunatic not much harm is done.



FROM this point onwards the play becomes knockabout farce, but that is a detail that in no wise lessens its general interest, to judge by the mirthful appreciation of the house. It is a time-honoured principle in all plays which contain a lunatic that the other characters must arm themselves with fire-shovels, or the nearest thing of the kind that is available, in order to protect themselves from anticipated violence. So the usual proceeding runs its course here until it is discovered that Mr. Craig is not really mad at all. He was merely certified as a lunatic as the result of a family conspiracy, and we could do with a conspiracy of that kind at home just now, as we have some rather prominent "lunatics" of our own that need a mother's care in some kindly asylum.

THUS, while Mr. Bauer and Kruger are sitting at a desk, making their last wills and testaments before facing the disappointed workers, Mr. Craig's scheme is suddenly found to be in operation, and the factory is on its feet again. All this is very amusingly set out, but the chief interest of the play is in Mr. Green, who is all that matters, first, last, and all the time. It is a pity that a play which begins so well should end up so incoherently, but perhaps it was thought to be asking too much of the thinking public that they should take an intelligent interest in the conditions whereunder they live. JINGLE.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

With the possibility of new taxes before us, may we remind the Chancellor of the lines:

You would not think any "duty" small
If you yourself were great.

. . . . . .

We are told that the Sioux tribe of Indians still rub noses when they wish to express affection. We understand that the Paw-knee tribe also stick to their old tradition.

. . . . . .

"My dear, have you heard this scandal about the new vicar?"

"No; do tell me."

"He actually practises celibacy."

"Only at home, of course?"

"Oh no, *openly!*"

. . .

The newspaper world is all agog. Every Editor is wondering who will be the first liar to write in and say he's heard the cuckoo.

. . .

Stage Silhouettes
(Miss Lily Elsie.)

It is ridiculous, I'm told,
To try and gild refinéd gold,
And 'twould be equally as silly,
Were I to try to paint the Lily!

. . .

And now that she is returning to the stage, we hope Miss Elsie will take it as a compliment when we say that she is obviously not a finished actress.

. . .

"I see that the spring poets are getting busy."

"That reminds me I must get the slush cleared up in my garden."

. . .

A mem. for madame: Never put off till to-morrow what you can wear to-day.

Sad Memories

Last night, because I am a chap who sorta
Delights in plays in good old-fashioned rhyme,
I journeyed to the theatre and bought a
Ticket to view our local pantomime.

I loved the scenery, the tights so spangled;
I murmured to myself, "This is the goods,"
And chuckled at the Baron as he wangled
To catch the Babes, imbibing in the woods!

I felt the merry lyrics that were sung stir
My bosom in a way that could but please,
In fact, I seemed again a joyous youngster,
Till the comedian cracked a certain wheeze.

Ah! then, once more I felt both aged and hoary,
Rebelliously I felt inclined to jib,
For when I first had listened to that story,
I'd laughed until the tears ran down my bib!

"That's a funny-looking sort of foreign lodger you've got, Mrs. 'Iggins."

"Yus; my 'usband says 'e's an Alsatian."

"Lor! Wy, our Emily got bitten by one o' them things!"

. . .

Divorce is reported to be on the increase in England. If the present rate continues, matrimony will gradually lose its terrors for bachelors.

. . . . . .

Mary had a little limb,
Whose knees were white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That limb was sure to show!

. . . . . .

The cabbage crop this year promises to be excellent. Cigar smokers, however, are pessimistic enough to think that their smokes will cost them the same as usual.

. . . . . .

All Amiss

I miss the days when things were cheap,
And prices didn't make one weep:
I miss the fragrant cigarette,
Which after eight I cannot get:
I miss my chums who murmured,
"What'll?"
With whom I'd crack a joke and bottle:
I miss at eve that fine champagne,
But most I miss my morning train!

. . . . . .

A correspondent wants to know how screen stars manage to weep so easily. We suppose a sort of film comes over their eyes.

By Jack Gordon

HOLE-Y TERRORS

"I didn't know we had sent any lace to the laundry, Mary"
"We didn't, mum, That's the sheet!"

Working Manfully

BY STAN TERRY

AUNT (*to niece, in Switzerland*): "Are you enjoying the winter sports here, dear?"
NIECE: "Rather! I'm engaged to three of them!"

Dancing Time in the Gay City

Atb.

"MISS" OF PARIS

Mistinguett, the world-famous French dancer, photographed with her American dancing partner, Earl Leslie. "Miss" is the star of the Moulin Rouge, where a good many plots for the "brighter Paris movement" are hatched

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

I WOULD not be surprised to learn if an inquiry was conducted as to which city or town in Europe "went earliest to bed" that the distinction would have to be accorded to Paris. The change which has come over our capital is so astonishing that one cannot help but be staggered by the repetition of evidence, and our one prayer is that this mysterious state of affairs will rapidly come to an end. It gets on one's nerves very disastrously.

I HAVE just come in from a stroll along the Grands Boulevards, the time occupied being from ten to eleven, and I might have been taking a ramble along the Grande Rue of Castelnaudary for what resemblance there was to the normal liveliness of the boulevards at this stage of the young night. One could almost hear—no doubt under the stress of a disturbed imagination—the echo of one's own footsteps. Even the taxi-drivers had practically ceased from tooting, there being no pedestrians to scare.

En effet, the evening motor traffic has so shrunk that I do not see more than one smash a night now on the Place de la Concorde, the favourite crash-*rendezvous*, where the prudent foolishly imagine there is enough space to get out of the way of the *fou du volant*. Hitherto, one could count on half a dozen. Outside Maxim's I counted four motor cars waiting, and there were even fewer lined up before Weber's. Generally, you would find it impossible to park your car in front of either if you arrived at this period.

The rudeness of hotel staffs

"Clients are bienvenus"

SHOULD Parisians keep up this home-keeping, or home-going, movement much longer *chasseurs, garçons*, and their fellows, whose *métiers* seemed so enviable up to about October, will have to apply for the dole, as the amount they are receiving in tips will scarcely pay for the starch, the only thing which is enabling them to keep a stiff front to the world. A taxi-driver nearly fell off his seat with effusiveness when I gave him a tip of a franc, and the *patron* of a café where I bought a ten-franc packet of English cigarettes said "Thanks" in so many forms before I reached the door—"*Merci bien, Monsieur,*" "*Monsieur, je vous remercie,*" "*Bonsoir, Monsieur, et merci,*" "*Merci beaucoup*"—that I lost count. He told me he hadn't sold a ten-franc packet for a month.

SOME little while ago a number of those dear old French gentlemen of the fine, grand-mannered school—the salt of the race—were complaining of the passing of the traditional Parisian politeness. Reproachfully, they recorded that they were met with what must be regarded as rudeness almost everywhere, particularly among shop-keepers and the staffs of hotels, restaurants and cafés. People who scorned francs and thought only in sterling and dollars were too proud to be polite to any but those who scattered thousands about.

BUT politeness has returned now, *chers amis*. And with it a reversal of the adage about pride going before a fall. It was while the franc was falling that the pride mounted, and the faster it fell the more objectionable were the manners. And it is the rise in the franc that has caused the disappearance of the pride and revived the seemingly defunct politeness. *Clients* are *bienvenus* now in those places where meekness was hitherto imposed upon

them. Arrive at a hotel and the manager is at the door with a platoon of his men before you have really got your foot upon the threshold. Amble into a restaurant and there are four waiters to divine your wishes before they are expressed, with the *maître d'hôtel* personally overseeing that the cooking is just as *you* want it and not as the *chef's* third assistant thinks it ought to be—as preferred in Clamart.

"Nearly fell off his seat"

IN the *dancings* of Montmartre, of course, the change is even more accentuated. There is a Royal box available for you everywhere, and not merely in the metaphorical greeting of Monsieur Joë Zelli. And there is a very royal welcome in the sense that you can have the whole floor to yourself and an orchestra that is practically your own—altogether, as exclusive as if you were giving a private party. What a strain Montmartre is feeling is shown by the fact that one of the oldest and best-known of the *dancings* is advertising that its standard champagne is at sixty francs a bottle, which is not much more than the price of a cognac and a sandwich at the bar just two or three months ago. Vanished, the days of the three-hundred-franc pint.

"Actively flirting"

WITH a thunder of publicity that is unusual, the heavy metal employed being exceptionally heavy type, *Ma Chère Amie,* the new comedy at the Mathurins, is claimed as a *succès éclatant.* As might be expected, independent opinion does not agree with the booster's estimate. The extraordinary trumpet-blowing is apparently due to the return of M. Jacques Hebertot as producer, but while pretty well everybody is delighted about this, few will agree with the claim that *Ma Chère Amie* is entitled to take rank alongside *Knock* and *M. le Trouhadec.*

FOR me it has too much the air of an old theme reversed. We have had plenty of plays, many of them very good, about the man who is so capable in business that he makes a fortune but who attains the extreme in foolishness when he enters into marriage with a young wife. M.M. Bouvelet and Bradby have turned it the other way round, the adventure of a young husband being presumably possible nowadays, when women are able to make fortunes *dans les affaires.*

MME. CAILLOU, however, has peculiar ideas in that she stipulates that it shall be a *mariage blanc.* When she is beginning to think about putting an end to that stipulation, following the development of her affections, she is pulled up by the discovery that the *séduisant* Maurice is actively flirting with a mother and her eighteen-year-old daughter. Such a note, with the supposed "latest novelty" touch of the theme, is, in the opinion of many authors, what the Parisian theatregoer wants most of all.

BUT there is excellent proof to the contrary in the really triumphal success of "Outward Bound" in its French form. Paris playwrights are apt to scoff at London pieces as "wishy-washy" when they have no beds in them. They were utterly unable to see that nothing is more banal than the perpetual rehashing of the "triangle" bereft of any other interest. "Outward Bound" may perhaps open their eyes to wider visions. RENÉ.

SHADOWS OF MONTMARTRE

BY BERT WILSON

MÉL

BY [illegible] LUNT

LODIE

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

AU CLAIR DE LUNE

PEOPLE I REMEMBER

By ARTHUR MILLS

No. VI.

DON MIGUEL

Illustration by LEO BATES

"Miguel sat the colt as firm as a rock"

I HAVE called him Don Miguel, though he was just plain Miguel Lopez, horse tamer. Something of the blood of the Guarani Indians ran in his veins, and maybe something of those old Conquistadores, who first came to the Argentine with Pedro de Mendoza and other gentlemen from the Court of Spain. Certainly, though he could neither read nor write, his manners were polished to a degree. He would never speak rudely to a fellow man, but if he considered himself insulted—and this might happen very easily—he would draw his knife and, moving more quickly than the eye could see, rip out the innards of the offender.

He had come to the Estancia Santa Maria in the exercise of his profession. There were some twenty *potros* (wild horses) that needed his attention. The Estancia Santa Maria lay in Corrientes. Miguel was himself a Correntino, which is to say he sat a horse as naturally as a man sits in an armchair, more so perhaps—at least no man in an armchair could have looked more comfortable.

Roy Kennedy, lately appointed assistant manager to the Estancia, had noticed this. Roy had been in the cavalry himself, and knew when a man could ride. From the moment of his arrival the horsemanship of these Correntino cowboys had filled him with admiration. He had written home that he had never seen anything to compare with it. "But," he added in his letter, "they are awful brutes."

He wrote this before he had seen a horse "tamed" according to the methods in the Argentine. He had only seen some cattle being parted and noticed the condition of the horses after the cowboys had finished with them. Roy was determined to introduce improvements. But he walked warily; he was only a *gringo* (raw hand) himself, he knew. Also his boss had given him some advice.

"You want to be careful how you treat those chaps," his boss had said; "they are funny-tempered devils. Never curse them unless you have got to, though if they have earned it they will take it well enough. And above all"—Roy's boss looked him very straight in the eyes—"never threaten them." He tapped the revolver in Roy's belt; "If you ever have to draw this, shoot and shoot to kill. If you point it at them, or even make the motion of putting your hand to your hip, it's an insult, and that is a thing an Argentine cowboy never forgives."

Roy listened attentively. It was the day after this that his boss went away and Miguel arrived to tame the horses. After breakfast, Roy climbed on his horse and went down to the corral to see how the horse-breaking was getting on.

He found half a dozen cowboys leaning against the stockade listening to the words of a man with lean, wiry figure and dark flashing eyes, from whose wrist there dangled the most enormous pair of spurs that Roy had ever seen. This was the great Miguel Lopez, who travelled from estancia to estancia taming horses, and who could conquer the heart of a maid, break the will of a colt, or kill an enemy with unrivalled speed.

When Roy arrived, Miguel was telling of his exploits to a group of revering cowboys while the sociable maté bowl passed from hand to hand. It was not Miguel's intention to work that day. To-morrow would do, or the day after. Had not the year 365 days?

It was Roy's intention that work should begin at once. He expressed this view to Miguel, who bowed politely and continued with his tale: "I saw her in San Salvador; her eyes were like the stars that come in the evening in the West; it may be that their brightness was because they had looked into my own." Miguel paused and added modestly: "But who shall say, señors, what lights the fire in a maid's heart?"

Here Roy intervened: "Now get on

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with the work. Put that maté bowl down there. Look sharp, you men." He spoke pleasantly but crisply, and the cowboys obeyed.

For a moment Miguel's eyes rested on the young English *gringo*, "the eater of weeds," he thought half-contemptuously, in allusion to the fact that Englishmen liked vegetables with their meat. Roy met the look steadily, and Miguel, too, turned into the corral.

A black colt was marked down. Miguel, lasso in hand, approached the animal. The lasso fell unerringly round the colt's neck. Then the fight began. The colt, a high-couraged animal, fought for his freedom every inch; half-strangled by the lasso he plunged, reared and twisted in and out among his fellows. Another cowboy coming with a second lasso swung it round his legs; a quick jerk, and the colt lay stretched upon the ground.

First the *bocado* was applied—a strip of raw hide leather, tied tightly round the lower jaw. Miguel bent over the colt and fixed the *bocado* himself, pulling on it with all his weight, till it seemed to Roy, watching, that the cruel raw leather would cut through the wretched horse's jaw. Roy wanted to intervene; but he remembered that he was in the Argentine and that this was the way a horse was tamed; so held his peace.

After the *bocado* had been fixed, the colt's forelegs were loosened and the animal made to rise. Now Miguel advanced with a saddle. He swung it on the colt's back, and there was much adjustment and tautening of the powerful girths. Lastly Miguel bent down and put on the enormous spurs, in which he could scarcely walk and which he had taken off while the saddling was being done.

Then he approached the colt, which stood with startled eyes, sweating and shivering in every limb, placed hand on mane and jumped into the saddle. Down with a thwack came the raw hide riding-whip, in went the spurs.

"Ay! ah! Ay ah!" cried the cowboys.

Then the blood of the colt rose once more and the fight restarted in real earnest. Never was animal more enraged. Roy would never have believed a horse could twist itself into such shapes—for the most part a sort of corkscrew motion, with quick darts to one side or the other, and in mid-air a most disconcerting sideways kick. There was something magnificent in the creature's rage.

Miguel, superb horseman that he was, sat the colt firm as a rock through every antic, one hand on a rope leading to that cruel *bocado*, the other plying the raw-hide whip with might and main. Suddenly the bucking stopped and the colt, with neck outstretched, raced through the door of the corral, quickly opened, out on to the plain. Two other horsemen galloped out and rode each side of the maddened animal plying their whips now in turn. But the fight was over. The colt, with Miguel ever upon his back, galloped till he was tired, then came to rather a pathetic standstill—in the words of the country, "tamed."

Miguel dismounted, mopped his forehead, then mounted his own perfectly schooled horse. Taking the lasso in his hand, he rode back towards the corral. He was just about to throw the lasso around another horse's neck, when Roy rode up to him:

"Get out of here," Roy shouted; "you shall knock no more horses about to-day. Taming, you call that! I call it sheer brutality."

Miguel did not understand the detail of what was said to him, but he knew the gist of it was not polite. Now at no time did he allow men to speak rudely to him. Therefore he ignored Roy and flung the lasso over a fresh horse's neck.

"Do you hear me? Let go that horse!" Roy's face was whitish; he was no more used to being disobeyed than Miguel was to being insulted.

Miguel jerked the lasso taut and the roped horse began to gasp for breath. It was going to be the same disgusting spectacle over again.

Roy drew his revolver.

"Let go that horse or I'll shoot you!"

Even as he spoke his boss's words recurred to him: "Never threaten a man in these parts."

He had been hasty and foolish to draw his gun. Roy could have shot Miguel as he stood, but he had no wish to take life and was only anxious to teach the Argentine a lesson. So clubbing his revolver he prepared to crack the fellow across the head.

The rest happened too quickly for him to understand. Roy had received good training in riding school, and could make a polo pony answer to his will; but, with all his experience, he was no more a match for Miguel in manœuvring a horse than a child of ten.

As Miguel saw Roy club his revolver he touched his own horse with the spurs and came across that corral in two bounds. Before Roy had time to think Miguel had raised his loaded whip and knocked him senseless from his horse.

Then Miguel dismounted and stood over the newly appointed assistant manager. The others watched, breathless. Every cowboy had heard the way Miguel had been spoken to—Miguel, who was the best tamer of horses in all Corrientes, cursed for his management of a *potro;* everyone had seen the English *gringo* draw his gun and point it—as dire an insult as a slap in the face in those parts. Now the Englishman lay senseless on the ground. In Miguel's belt there gleamed the long knife that the cowboys used alike for eating, cattle work, and fighting. Surely Miguel would now slit the throat of the man that had insulted him.

But to the surprise of all Miguel remained motionless, as he stood looking down at the fair curly hair and boyish face of the young Englishman. Then he bent down over the body. "Ah!" thought those who watched, "now he is going to make the killing."

But Miguel did not draw his knife. Instead he took up the revolver that lay by the Englishman's hand. He looked from the revolver to the man on the ground, then turned to the cowboys.

"The *gringo* is too young to play with such toys," he said.

With that he thrust the revolver in his own belt.

A great guffaw went up—a laugh that shook the reputation of the young assistant manager for many days in those parts.

But when sunset came Miguel Lopez rode away, for even in the remote districts of the Argentine it is not fitting for a professional horse-tamer to knock the assistant manager of an *estancia* off his horse. So Miguel mounted his own fine chestnut horse—never in his life had he demeaned himself by getting upon a mare—and rode out like a knight of old across the rolling plain, his silver mounted harness jingling, the revolver of the *gringo* swinging from his belt.

So rode Don Miguel. For in this little sketch I have given to Miguel Lopez the honourable prefix "Don." For though after the fashion of many of his people he was cruel to horses, nor over gentle to women when he had done with them, if it comes to that; yet, when he had a man at his feet that had insulted him, whom by all the laws of those parts he should have slain, he stayed his hand.

"*Salud, Don Miguel!* may you one day have a herd of fat cattle of your own and many sons."

"Jones got mixed up yesterday in an awful scrape."

"Serves him right. Why doesn't he go to a decent barber for his shave?"

. . . . .

Seen in VagaBond Street:—

Mooning along I saw the sorry oaf,
Wearing the white spat of an aimless loaf.

. . . . .

"Come and dine with us, old chap."

"Can't. We've got a case of jaundice in the house."

"Well, we've got a case of whisky; let's mix 'em!"

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The Cottesmore After-the-Hunt Ball

Keystone

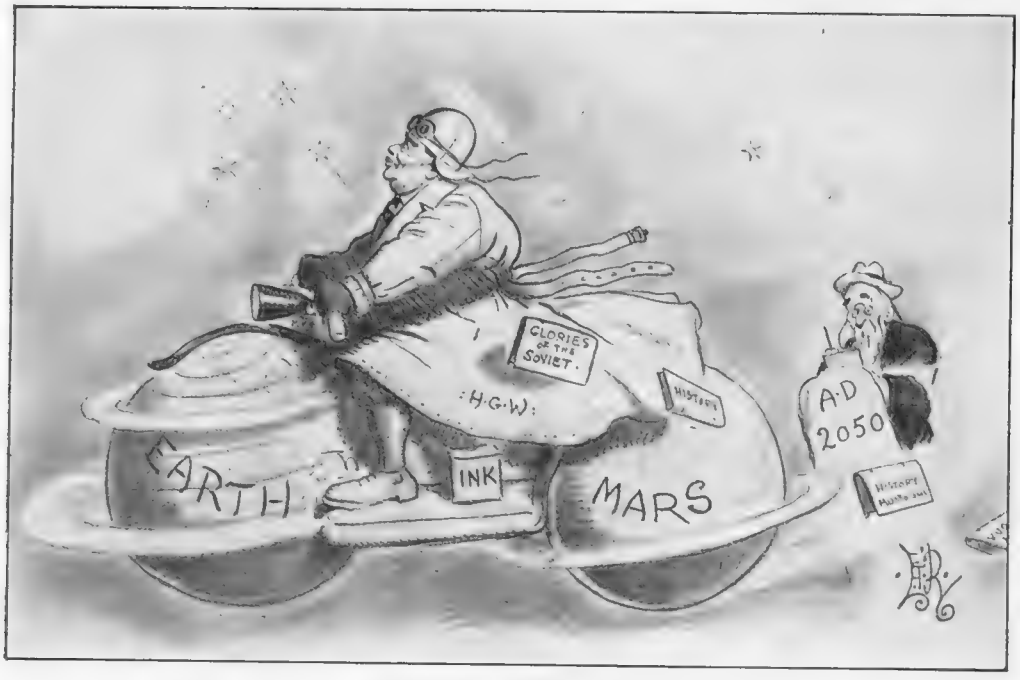
CAPT. D'ARCY HARRIS (left), MISS HARGRAVES, MRS. LOCKE, MRS. and MR. HOPE JOHNSTONE, MR. MARSHALL FIELD and COL. BOYD-ROCHFORT

Keystone

MR. SCHRIBER (left), MISS MANNINGHAM BULLER, MRS. FITZCLARENCE, and MR. FELLOWES PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE AFTER-THE-BALL MEET

THE HON. LIONEL LOWTHER and MR. W. J. BAIRD, M.F.H.

Master is Mr. W. J. Baird, of Deanscroft, Oakham. The meet took place recently at Ridlington, in Rutlandshire



"The way that Wells is going"

Stop Me Dreaming

By
BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Illustrations by E. T. REED

I WANT something to stop me dreaming.

A distinguished man wrote to a newspaper the other day to say that he had had the same dream two nights running. A dog had appeared in this dream and scratched at his bedroom door. Naturally he was puzzled, not that the dream should have come to him, but that it should have come twice. I am able to explain the mystery. I was that dog.

On the two nights of the celebrity's dream I dreamt that I was scratching at doors. True, I did not dream that I had assumed the exterior of a dog, but I was on my hands and knees scratching at the doors of innumerable editors and asking them to give me either money or food tickets. Now this celebrity is, amongst other things, an editor, and it is clear that in my dreams I scratched at his door. I know that he took me for a dog because I remember his remarks. You cannot blame him, because who but dogs scratch at your door at night?

"Lie down, there. Lie down," cried the celebrity in his dream.

I went on scratching.

"What is it, Ponto? What do you want?"

"Ooof, oof," I barked.

So you see how the misunderstanding arose. My dream noises must have sounded just like the moanings of a starved dog, and the celebrity is herewith offered my profound apologies.

Truly marvellous have been my dream experiences of late. "Ha! lobster," you sneer. Nothing of the sort. I believe that the truth of the matter is that I am developing into a sort of seer, like H. G. Wells. Take this, for example.

"An amazing dream last night," I boasted to my wife at breakfast.

"I know. You dreamt you were a camel and went for forty days without drink."

"I could do that without being a camel. Listen. I dreamt that Georges Carpentier was going to be a professional dancer and singer and that the Shah of Persia was going to open a soap shop.

"The Shah opens a soap shop"

Can you think of anything else so utterly ridiculous?"

Well, now I know that the dream was true, because both announcements were made in the newspapers a day or two later. This has made a tremendous impression on my family.

"Any dream last night, father?" asks my son.

"Yes, my son. I dreamt that you stole one of my razor-blades and accidentally took off the tip of your nose with it."

I cannot say if I was believed, but I am sure the boy buys his own razor-blades now.

I was talking of Mr. H. G. Wells. He is, as you may know, telling us every fortnight "The Way the World is Going." I should very much like to tell you every fortnight "The Way that Wells is Going," but perhaps I might get brusque, and in any case the theme lacks popular interest. Nevertheless, I must tell of a dream I had the other night, which in view of the proved truth of my sleeping experiences may be of assistance to H.G.W. in the compilation of his articles

I was in a new world. I could tell that because there was a new photograph of Mr. Wells on a hoarding, a photograph showing him when he was 201. I soon ran into Mr. Wells, standing under the hoarding.

"Herbert George," I ventured, "how is it that you are still alive and so young and beautiful?"

"Senility," he snapped back, "is suspended. Human nature is altered at last."

"What a pity I did not live to enjoy this. Why are there no children in the streets?"

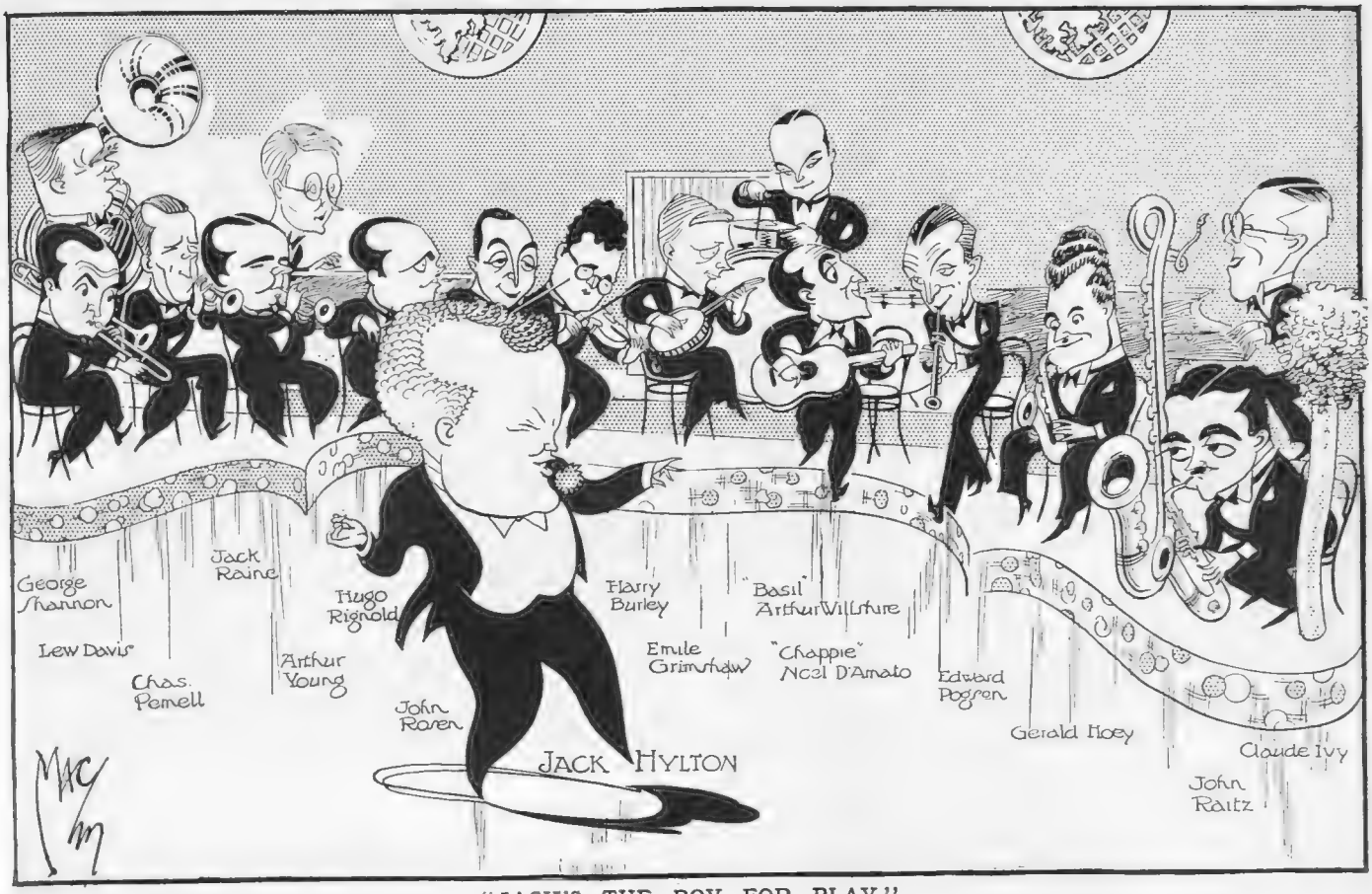
"Children are no longer born. We have seen the absurdity of children for at least a hundred years."

"But are there no marriages?"

"Certainly not. Sex is forgotten. Men and women do not like each other. In fact,

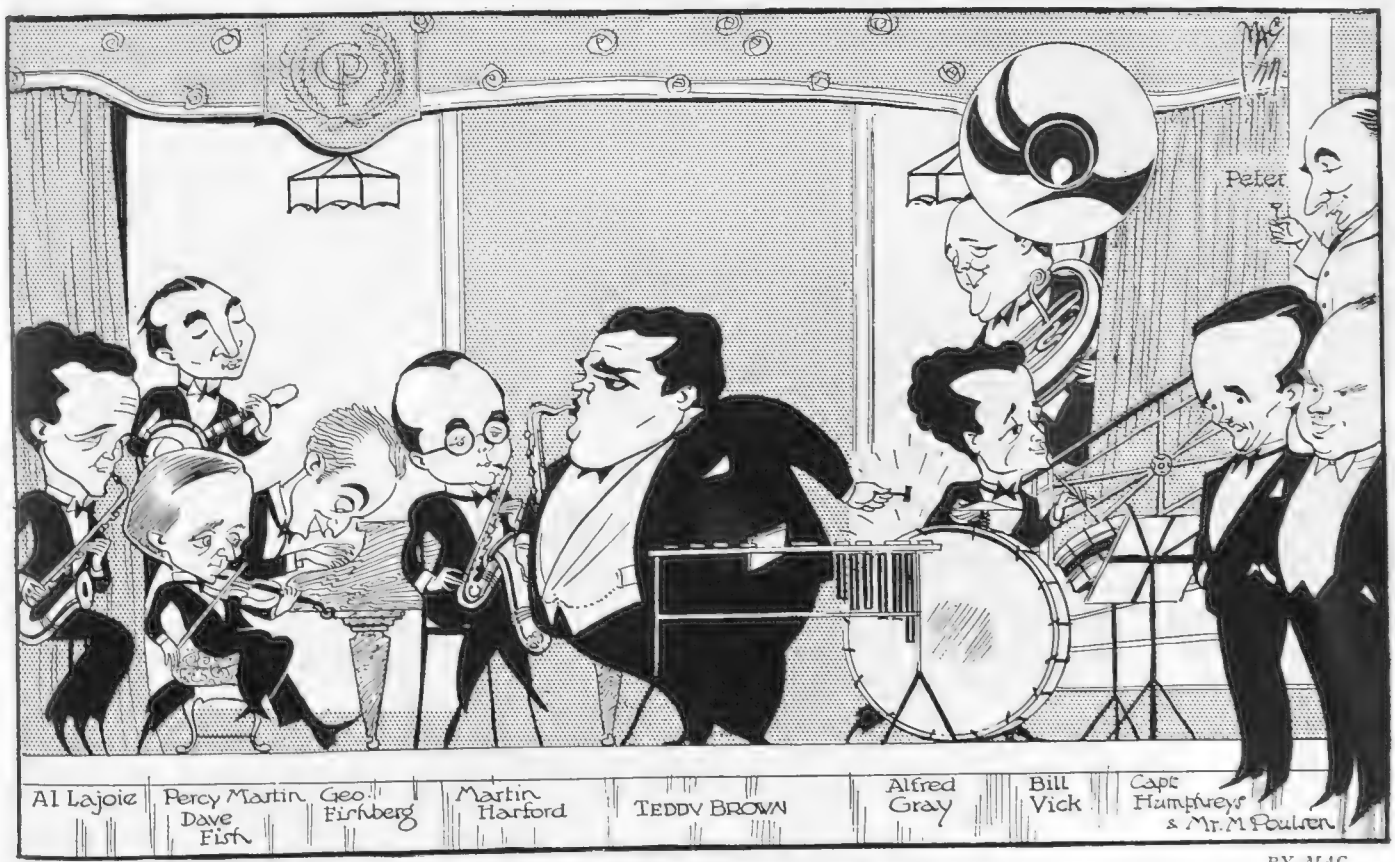
(Continued on page 326)

London Bands Which Prove a "Sound" Success



"JACK'S THE BOY FOR PLAY"

Jack Hylton—he of the expressive shoulders—and the men of "note" whose playing has done, and still does, so much to increase the popularity of dancing. They are equally at home and equally popular in restaurant, dance hall and theatre



BY MAC

A "BROWN" STUDY AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

Our artist's impression of the great—in more senses than one!—Teddy Brown and his henchmen, who are in action nightly at the Café de Paris. They seem to have been sent to Coventry Street permanently—to the satisfaction of Café de Parisians

they have almost forgotten whether they are men or women."

"Gosh! It must be grand. I always used to say that we could safely leave things to science. And what of the future, Mr. Wells?"

"Well, you must know that even now a certain number of contemptible persons die. They eat the wrong vitamins or fail to buy the right apes to renew their glands. They are a disgrace to humanity. Well, I can see a glorious future when no one at all will die. In fact, I cannot imagine any sort of future if I am not alive in it."

"Quite right. Old Moore never attempts to forecast more than a year, and humanity has to look to you for the century stuff."

Mr. Wells frowned, though the lines were scarcely perceptible on his fair young face.

"I know nothing of Moore, unless it be George, and I detest the word 'old.' There is no such thing as age."

"Do you really think, Mr. Wells, that you may live as long as Methuselah and some of the Biblical patriarchs?"

"As long, sir? Far, far longer. Not that I believe a syllable about Methuselah. He upsets my theories. If he and the patriarchs lived as long as the Bible says they did, then humanity has degenerated, which, when you come to look at me and read me, is absurd."

"Then may your contemporaries look forward to more 'Outlines of History' and more 'William Clissolds'?"

"Certainly they may, with confidence."

"By the way, Mr. Wells, is there such a thing as a Sunday?"

"There is. I do not approve. But a lot of us are still old-fashioned. I had hoped that Sunday would be renamed Sciday."

"Sciday?"

"Yes, short for Science day."

"And for ever and ever will you supply brilliant articles to the Sunday or Sciday Press?"

"My contract is a million æons."

"Is it? . . . Oh! Mr. Wells, I'm so glad I'm dead."

Of course it was only a dream, but, after all, I was right about Carpentier and the Shah! Stop me dreaming, even if you can't stop Mr. Wells.

B. M. H.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING" By Margaret Lowengrund

A typical night scene in a Montmartre café. The recent rise of the franc and the diminution in the number of "foreigners" in Paris have caused many of the café and cabaret proprietors to consider the question of closing their establishments

OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 13

"Mind your P's and Q's"

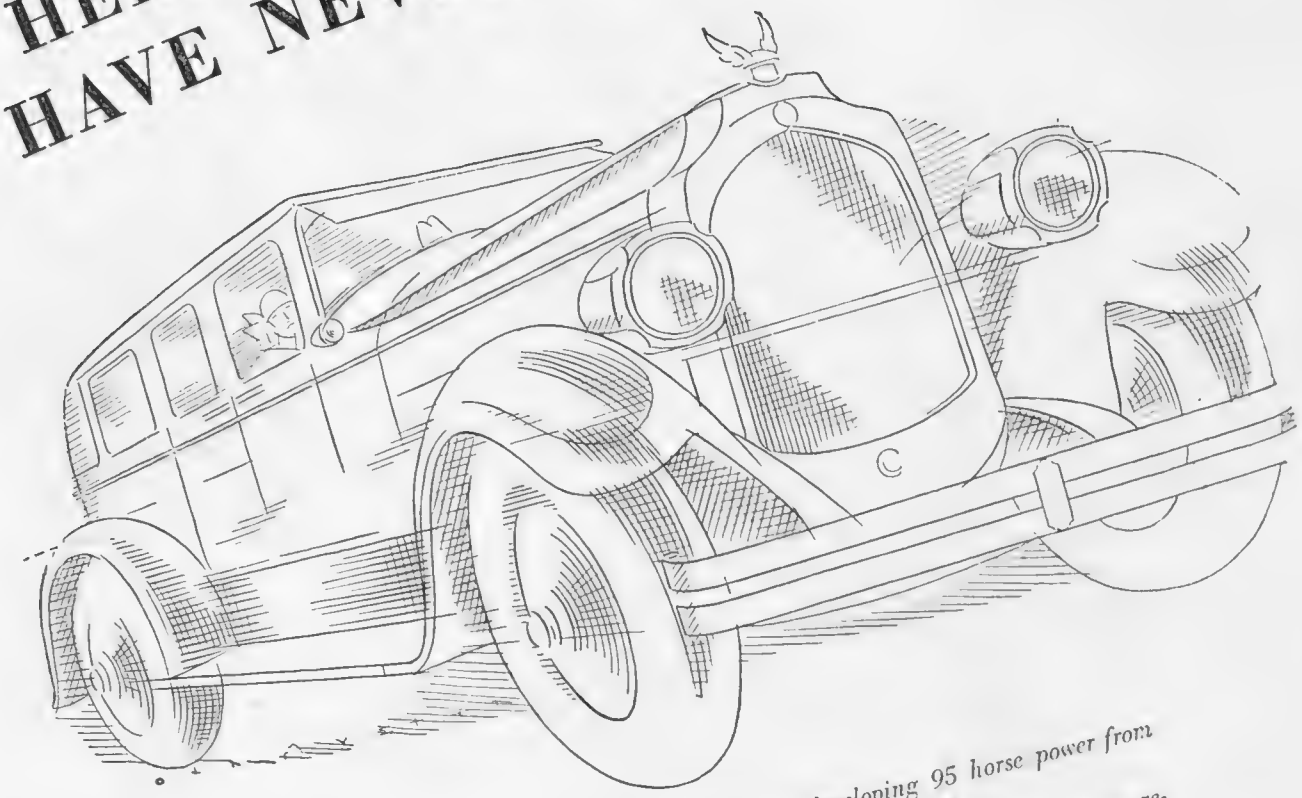
IN order to keep a check on the amount of drink sold to customers who did not pay until Saturday, when wages were settled, the old alehouses used to hang outside their doors a slate bearing the names of customers, and against each name a 'p' or 'q,' representing pint or quart. This ancient custom probably resulted in the expression "Mind your P's and Q's," though a composing room or class room origin is sometimes claimed for the phrase. In the latter cases it was used as an admonition to apprentices in printing establishments to exercise care with p's and q's when setting up or putting away type; and to very young pupils to "mind" the difference between the two letters.

Born 1820——
Still going Strong!

The most popular saying to-day is
"Johnnie Walker, please!"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

HERE IS A CAR SUCH AS YOU HAVE NEVER OWNED BEFORE!



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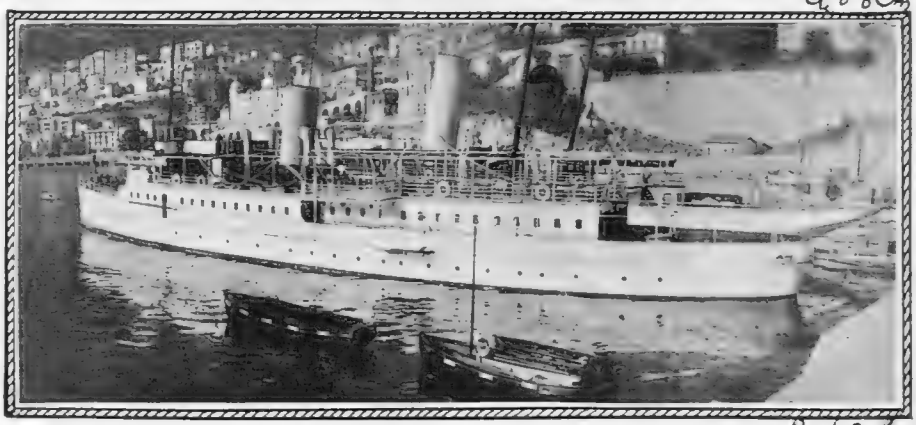
YACHTING on the RIVIERA

IN FULL SAIL

Four well-known six-metre yachts. They are Saenden (Holland) (left), Nurdug V (Denmark), Enigma (Italy), and Braassemermeer (Holland)

AT THE QUAYSIDE

The 400-ton schooner Ailée moored in Menton Harbour. Her owner is Madame Herid



IN MONACO HARBOUR

Sir James Knott's Princess lying below the Rock of Monaco. She is a 750-ton oil-engined vessel

THE Riviera being the winter playground of the world, it is not surprising that the sun-kissed coast between Marseilles and Genoa is rapidly becoming a southern Solent. In spite of the luxury of Blue Trains and Pullman expresses, it is an exceedingly comfortable way of visiting the Riviera in one's own yacht. The marine motor has now placed yachting within the reach of all, and, thanks to the excellent inland waterways of France, it is possible to visit the Mediterranean in quite tabloid craft. Large yachts like Mr. Solly Joel's thousand-ton *Eileen* and Sir James Knott's 750-ton oil-engined *Princess* come round across the Bay of Biscay and up the Straits of Gibraltar. This is somewhat of an undertaking in winter, when even steam yachts reckon four days from Falmouth to Gibraltar a smart passage, though small yachts of the pilot boat type come round every season, Mr. Ralph Stock's *Islander* being a notable example. On the other hand, motor cruisers of quite large dimensions such as Sir Ralph Gore's 79-ton Pearl come by the inland route, across the Channel to Havre, up the Seine to above Paris, on through Dijon by the Canal de Bourgogne and the Saone to Lyons and down the Rhone past Avignon to Saint Louis and out on to the sapphire sea of the Gulf of Lyons. Canal cruising is very charming; it must be taken in a leisurely spirit after the manner of caravanning. There is nothing more delightful than a jaunt across France in one's own little home, free to tie up to the bank, when and where one likes within reason: the bargees are the most friendly of mortals, ever ready to assist the novice in difficulties, and the expense is very low as there are no lock dues. An alternative route is that of the Canal des Deux Mers crossing southern France from the Garonne above Bordeaux to the Gulf of Lyons at Cette. Passing through old-world cities like Toulouse and Carcassonne, this route is very enjoyable, though it lands one out in the Bay of Biscay, which requires a certain amount of seamanship to tackle in winter weather. It is perhaps better to return this way after the season, Spring on the Breton coast being particularly charming with the broom and gorse in flower and all the fishing craft fitting out for the sardine harvest.

Harbours on the Riviera are like flowers in May. Leaving Marseilles, we have within an hour's run Cassis and the wonderful fjords of Provence, followed by La Ciotat and Bandol, a little spot of great promise. Rounding Cape Sicié, we find ourselves at Toulon. This is the Portsmouth of France, a harbour humming with the life and activity of the French Navy. Within easy hail of Toulon are the Golden Islands of Hyères, Porquerolles and Port Cros, isles of mystery, sparkling jewels of the blue Mediterranean of Homer, Nelson and Conrad.

Passing the forest-clad Maures, and the sapphire Gulf of Saint Tropez, we cross the beautiful bay of Saint Raphael to coast along the fairy cliffs and coves of the Estérel past Saint Agulf, Les Trayas, La Napoule, until Cannes is reached. Here we find ourselves in an atmosphere of yachts and yachting worthy of Cowes and the Royal Yacht Squadron. With a cruising ground ranging from the Lerins Islands to Nice, this is perhaps one of the best head-

quarters on the coast. At Antibes one finds a nice quiet harbour in a picturesque setting, facing Nice across the Bay of Angels. Though the capital of the Riviera, the harbour of Nice is not popular with yachtsmen on account of its dust and commercial element, most owners preferring to go a few miles further to the old-world port of Villefranche. If you have sailed into this wonderful little harbour set in a great blue bay, and coasted round Cape Ferrat to such beauty spots as Saint Jean and Beaulieu, you will understand what R.L.S. felt when he wrote: "For will anyone dare to tell me that business is more entertaining than fooling among boats? He must never have seen a boat, or never have seen an office who says so, and for certain the one is a great deal better for the health."

Reflecting on this, we come to the Port of Hercules, better known as Monaco, the cleanest harbour in the world, whose unrivalled shore attractions need no further comment. Menton, round Cap Martin, brings us to the most beautiful harbour on the French Riviera, situated at the foot of the Maritime Alps. Cruising along the Italian coast beyond San Remo, we pass Genoa, a big, dusty, commercial port, in favour of the glorious cove of Portofino, the most beautiful natural harbour on the Riviera, and the last until we reach the Italian Portsmouth at Spezia.

For the racing man the Riviera provides a liberal programme, starting at Genoa in mid-February and ending at Cannes in April. In France, between Menton and Cannes, this season there will be forty-nine days' racing for craft of the eight, six, eight-fifty and six-fifty international classes. Yachts can be shipped out to Marseilles direct from England to take part in the regattas. International, indeed, are the regattas of the Riviera, where craft from Denmark, Norway and Holland meet those of Britain, France, Spain and Italy.

It will be seen that both cruising and racing yachtsmen will find much to interest them in the sapphire seas of the Riviera if they care to follow in the wake of the ancient navigators.

SAVING HER FACE By Edwin Morrow

Exasperated Assistant (*to difficult customer*): "Shall we send it, madam, or will you wear it?"

MORE MEN & THEIR SYPHON

. . . The man who delivered the wrong syphon! . . .

It should always be **Schweppes**

SODA WATER

WILLS

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

HER FIRST "AT HOME"

To every trustful fledgling Bride's "At Home"
The knowing married Ghouls and Harpies come,
They munch the remnants of her Wedding Cake
And talk Domestic Woes without a break—
"Haven't you noticed?"—"Oh! they'll *soon* begin" . . .
Husbands and Servants specialize in sin.

Azalea hears with horror in her eyes,
For what is Marriage if not Paradise?
Will Roland cease to love her best in pink?
Does Mrs. Hunks, the household Treasure, *drink*?
She clasps Abdullas wildly to her breast—
They *cannot* change or fail her like the rest!

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH EGYPTIAN VIRGINIA

BIG DRUMS

By GORDON BECKLES

No. III. MR. CLAYTON AND MR. WALLER

I HAVE never asked Mr. Herbert Clayton whether he boasts an æsthetic affinity with Mr. Gordon Craig; nor have I enquired of Mr Jack Waller his views on the dramatic merits of Mr. James Joyce . . . but it doesn't matter very much; it is not a serious omission. I could guess what they would say, anyway.

Mr. Clayton and Mr. Waller represent—at its best, I think—the incursion of Capel Court technique into the theatreland neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus. With deadly precision, they have delivered such quick-fire successes as *It Pays to Advertise, No, No, Nanette, Mercenary Mary, The Best People, The Gold Diggers,* and *Princess Charming.*

Is all this luck? Is it due to a partnership, the component parts of which, like a chemical formula, combine to produce success? Or is it . . . oh! theatrical collaboration is a highly "intreeging" subject.

Who was the true dramatist, Gilbert or Sullivan? Who wrote the songs first, the lyrist or the composer?

We know that it was a very sensitised affair. The colour of a carpet, you may recall, ruined the chemical combination, and left Gilbert minus Sullivan, and *vice versa.*

* * * *

Now this is the tale of Mr. Herbert Clayton: bluff, middle-aged, "rider-to-hounds" in appearance. Thirty years ago he, with Mr. Bertram Wallis, was a chorus boy in *The Greek Slave.* After that he was out of a job.

The story is told of how he and Wallis stood on Southsea Downs singing to a public that was not financially appreciative.

"So I invested my last quid," says Clayton. "And we bought flowers and two large cigars, and hired a lorry."

Then, like a circus procession, mysteriously attractive, they drew public attention to their voices. They made £100 in nine days.

Out of that venture was born a male quartet which lasted three years at the old Tivoli. It broke up when Clayton went to play the name part in George Edwardes's *The Toreador.* In succession he was singer, actor, touring manager and theatrical agent.

By Hynes

* * * * *

And this is the tale of Mr. Jack Waller: small, alertly vivacious. He began professional life by playing the violin on the Margate "trippers' boat." He only played on the outward voyage. He played for dear life all over the Goodwin Sands. There was a reason. Somehow, there were aspects of a seafaring life not entirely pleasing to Mr. Waller.

Composing music for his own shows, he presently became a globe-trotter. Australia and South Africa knew him. We first met when, as the producer and composer of a touring revue, *The Stockport,* he came to the Alhambra. He had re-produced the show as *Robey en Casserole.*

Shortly afterwards—neither of them seem able to analyse the process—they drifted into partnership with *It Pays to Advertise.*

Waller is quite a remarkable fellow. His musical gifts are facile and fluent. In the three musical shows produced by the partners he has himself re-orchestrated and re-devised the scores with success. *Princess Charming* is an excellent example. Originally it was Austrian *opera-bouffe,* with a romantic "book." Now its music is Waller-cum-Austrian-cum-American with, I should describe it, Tschaikowsky orchestration. The original author wouldn't recognise his child. Such methods may not be above reproach; but the result to an after-dinner audience desirous of entertainment is eminently satisfactory.

* * * *

Mr. Clayton, you see, is both business man, theatre man, and astute *impresario*: Mr. Waller is both business man, theatre man and astute *impresario.*

"You are not out for 'uplift,' are you?" I once asked Mr. Clayton.

"We certainly are not," he replied. "We are out to make money."

They are, these phenomenally successful people, admirably frank, perfectly sincere. And their enterprises are scrupulously devoid of any of those deadly elements of "favouritism" which provide the theme for most theatrical novels, and one of the reasons why girls leave home.

Not, mind you, that the methods of Mr. Clayton and Mr. Waller are ever going to lift the British drama from being the least interesting in all Europe to people of more than elementary intelligence and appreciation.

A Meeting in Shakespeare's County

News Illus.

MR. DAVIES and MISS SIDEBOTTAM

Alfieri

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and COL. BASIL HANBURY

British Illus.

MISS POWNEY and MISS LEROY LEWIS

Photographs

LADY CHESHAM and MRS. WHITHINGTON

Alfieri

THE HON. DIANA SKEFFINGTON and MISS DANYERS-WILLIS

Some of those who attended the recent Warwick meeting. Though the weather was bitterly cold, there was some good racing, which proved enjoyable to those who braved the elements

THE LITERARY LOG

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

One of those unanswerable questions which repeatedly ask themselves concerns the present-day writers whose work will belong to the ages. A few names occur to one at once: about them there is small doubt; but of the others, who is to survive? Is there somebody quietly doing his work in our midst without success who will be discovered later on and placed with the gods? Very possibly. (What a comforting idea, if you happen to be a writer yourself!)

It was Mr. Michael Sadleir's book, *Trollope: A Commentary* (Constable: 15*s.* net), which put such thoughts into my head. Twenty years ago Trollope was entirely neglected. He had even outlived his own day. Now he is all the rage, and if you want to read him in first editions your purse must be large. No other Victorian writer, indeed, has had such a "come-back," and for this fact Mr. Sadleir himself is not a little responsible. His book is the result of long years of enthusiastic study, and it makes everything—Trollope's success in his lifetime and the subsequent neglect—perfectly clear.

Here you have not only the story of a very brave and forthright man, but also the story of his truly astonishing mother. You realise his limitations as well as his gifts, and almost every paragraph further endears you to him. He was not a genius, but he never pretended to be one. He wrote one series of stories that will live, and a number of others which possibly will not; but for all time he has been placed where he should be. Mr. Sadleir's enthusiasm for his hero does not blind him to his faults, and you are not expected to plough your way through an old-fashioned "Life." With a sparkling pen Mr. Sadleir tells his story, and it is only after you have finished his book that you realise how judicious and selective he has been with his material. Trollope wrote an autobiography of his own, but it was a peculiar book, one-sided and unfair to himself. Here is the true picture, for the making of which Mr. Sadleir will deserve the thanks of all good Trollopians

By Sherriffe

THE ROMANTIC DON

A caricature of John Barrymore, who takes the name-part in the new film "Don Juan." It is being shown at the Astoria Theatre, Charing Cross Road

❋

On opening Mr. J. B. Booth's new and thick volume of reminiscences I wondered how he would manage to fill it, for only a year ago he gave us his story. But I need not have feared. *"Master" and Men: Pink 'Un Yesterdays* (Werner Laurie: 21*s.* net) is just as entertaining as its predecessor. The old days have gone, and even the old names may be wholly unfamiliar to the new generation, but—what times they were! And what people! Luckily, Mr. Booth's note-books seem inexhaustible, and he has the agreeable knack of giving a new turn even to stories that we may have heard before.

As in the previous book, Corlett himself, "Master," looms large, but that is just as it should be: he was a wholly exceptional man. Some of his contemporaries might not have enjoyed themselves in these restricted days, but although their code may have changed in some respects, it is at bottom very much the same. Few men, at any rate, are better equipped than Mr. Booth to re-create the lost scene of his heroes.

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The BARON DE BEEF toasts the Cheese

An *HISTORIC* RECIPE

Was it the Baron's fancy, or did the Parrot say, "Pass the Mustard," as he took Miss Di Gester into the Cheshire Cheese for lunch? At any rate, Scott, the waiter, who has waited on the great and famous at the Cheshire Cheese for forty years, recognised the Baron and took him to the seat of honour under Doctor Johnson's portrait.

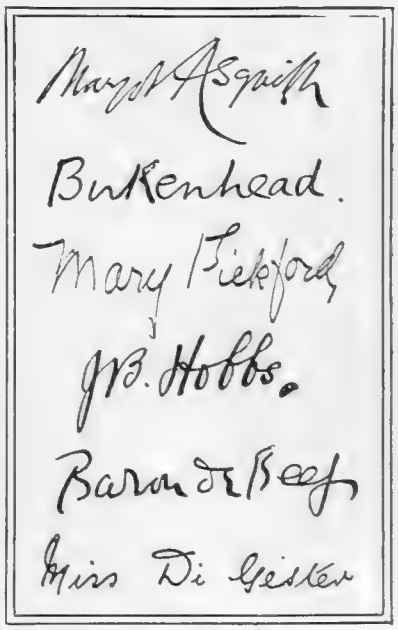
"I hope the great Doctor enjoyed his 'Pudden' as much as we do," said Miss Di Gester, as she dabbed the last bit of kidney with Mustard. "What comes next?"

"The toasted Cheese, of course, my dear. Scott is bringing it now."

"Here you are, miss; and here's the Mustard. You *must* have Mustard with your Toasted Cheese. I've waited on a lot of great men in my time, and they all took Mustard with Cheese. It's wonderful, they say, how Mustard brings out the flavour. Not surprising we have to use such big Mustard pots. They're all members of the Club here."

"Do you think," said Miss Di Gester, "that the Cook could possibly let me have the Recipe?"

Who could refuse Miss Di Gester anything? She wanted this famous recipe to join the other historic English dishes in the Mustard Club Recipe Booklet—"Alderman's Walk," "Ham in Hades," "Cornish Pasty." The Mustard Club makes a point of collecting the specialities of the great English Inns and Restaurants. If you write to Miss Di Gester, c.o. Colman's, Norwich, enclosing 2d. in stamps, she will send you the Recipe Booklet of the Mustard Club, together with the Cheshire Cheese Recipe.



A few of the famous signatures in the Visitors' Book at the Cheshire Cheese.

Cheese digests the dinner—Mustard digests the Cheese!

S.H.B.

THE MORNING AFTER

SCRAP THOSE CHAINS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

For doggy folk the aftermath of any such winter event as Cruft's great Show is not without its anxieties, over and above the matter of triumphs and disappointments connected with awards, and the labours of explaining over tea-tables (and in more masculine snuggeries) precisely how it happened that one's own Dogs didn't quite sweep the board. There is the business of watching out for signs of distemper and other infections. No doubt exhibitors who take precautions fare best. Before the Show it's well to take steps to make sure that one's Dogs' interior economy is in specially good working order. Before the Show, and several times while there, the Dogs should have their eyes, mouths, and nostrils carefully sponged with antiseptic. The use of an internal antiseptic, such as Kerol, is another useful preliminary. And then, when the ordeal's over, and the Dogs home again, a dose of oil overnight, and of a saline next morning, with, of course, extra careful antiseptic sponging, etc., is an important final safeguard.

As to the sad case of the correspondent who, having bought two Dogs at the Show, finds both down now with virulent distemper, one can but accept as philosophically as may be an unlucky turn in the fortunes of war. Myself, on the rare occasions when concerned with buying at a Show, I have been able to make this very favourable *bandabast*: Price being agreed upon, the transaction has been made conditional upon the seller taking the Dog back to his own home, delivery to be given and accepted after one week—if all should then be well with the Dog.

Mention of distemper naturally recalls the Distemper Research Fund. Immediate further subscriptions are needed, and lovers of Dogs should see to it. Here is a suggestion on the point that has just reached "The Kennelman" from Madras.

"A year ago you pointed out the indebtedness of the fire and burglary insurance companies to Dogs. Never a week passes at home without Dogs preventing the destruction of some place by fire, or the looting of a house by burglars. They must save the insurance people lots of money by their timely warnings, and the insurance folk are far from being numbered among the New Poor. Have they been appealed to yet on behalf of the Distemper Research Fund? If not, please ask the Fund's Secretary, at *The Field* office, to get busy, *ek dum*. Between them it wouldn't hurt the companies to complete the sum required in one morning."

The suggestion's a reasonable and sound one. Fund supporters, please note. Meanwhile, will Dog-keepers generally note that indoor watch-Dogs, even more, perhaps, than any others, should *never be chained up* or otherwise tied. It's rotten policy, besides being cruel. No watch-Dog can be so useful when tied; and only the other day a sterling little Fox-Terrier was burned to death as a reward for having saved the home, if not the lives, of his master and mistress and their children by the determined persistence of his warning barks. Why tied? It's a barbarous practice—indoors or out; and doubly inexcusable indoors. If for any alleged reason you must chain a Dog outdoors, do it in this way: Stretch a length of galvanised wire taut as ever you can between stakes, say, 20 feet apart, having first put a stout galvanised ring on the wire. To the ring attach a double-swivelled galvanised or plated chain within comfortable reach of shelter from wind and weather.

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Exhausting Work *and* Virol-and-Milk

SERGE LIFAR PHOTOGRAPHED REHEARSING AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. [*Photo by Lenare*

BEHIND THE SCENES *at the* RUSSIAN BALLET

It is only when one talks to the Stars of the Russian Ballet off the stage that one realises the secret of their charm. They are artists on the stage and off. They are as devoted to music and painting as to dancing. They are great artistic personalities and they live for their Art.

Few of their admirers have any idea how arduous that life is and the enormous demand which it makes upon vitality. Unable to take anything but the lightest meal before the exertion of dancing, Sokolova, Woizikovsky and Lifar find in Virol-and-Milk a food which is both tremendously sustaining and perfectly digestible. In their own words they state that "Virol-and-Milk is excellent for preventing both physical and nervous exhaustion."

Their example is a fine one to follow. All those who feel the strain of work or of sport, or who suffer from any form of nervous exhaustion, will profit enormously by Virol-and-Milk.

Arrangements have been made to supply beautiful large sepia toned prints of the original photographs of any of these pictures at the special prices: 10/6 each, or 3 for 30/-. Applications should be made to Messrs. Virol Ltd., Ealing London, W.5.

RACING NOTIONS

By "Carbine"

A Sorry Affair at Sandown

It is just as well that Blancona was withdrawn from the Grand National at the acceptance stage, inasmuch as he sustained a serious injury to his shoulder when he fell at Sandown Park. It would appear unlikely that he will be fit enough to run for the Champion Steeplechase at Liverpool, in which case the chief source of danger to Silvo will be removed. That race at Sandown was altogether disastrous. It crippled Great Span, a popular fancy for the National, and placed Master Billie under a cloud. He ran most ungenerously, which he has never done before. It may be that his confidence was shaken when Blancona fell in front of him early in the race, or that he was not himself for some unsuspected reason. In either case it may be some time before he forgets the hard and obviously unpleasant task which was imposed upon him upon that occasion. It completes a sorry story to learn that Winnall's victory was quite unexpected by those associated with him, and that, so far at least as his owner and trainer were concerned, he ran absolutely unbacked.

Silver Somme

Mr. H. Liddell, the owner of Winnall, is doing extraordinarily well this winter with his jumpers. Silver Somme, whom he bought very cheaply, has won four good steeplechases for him, one of three miles, two of three and a half miles, and another over four. No course seems too long for her, and for this reason she claims serious consideration in connection with the Grand National. It is not to be denied that she is small and decidedly mean in appearance, but from what Lord Coventry tells us of Emblem and Emblematic, his Liverpool winners of sixty years ago, she is at least as big as they were, whilst she is certainly no smaller than Shannon Lass, who won the big race in 1902. Her pedigree contains the best strains of Irish steeplechasing blood, and it is to be noted that her dam, Lady Silver, was a full sister to Ascetic's Silver, upon whom Aubrey Hastings won the National in 1906.

By "The Tout"

'TED" AND "JACK" HORNER

Who as jockey and trainer of the Grand National candidate, Jack Horner, are very much in the public eye just now

"No Good to Anyone"

A story of Silver Somme, as told by a friend of mine, is worth repeating. At one time the mare was trained by the late William Nightingall, and when she was offered for sale my friend, attracted largely by her breeding, was disposed to bid for her. He told Nightingall, whom he had known intimately for forty years, that he thought of buying the mare, and asked him if he would take her back to Epsom and train her for him. The trainer replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to train a horse for his old friend, but that he did not want to take Silver Somme back in any circumstances. "She is no good to anyone," was his final and completely discouraging remark. That, of course, was perfectly true at the time, and none could see the slightest promise of improvement.

The Lincoln Favourite

The fact that Asterus is favourite for the Lincoln Handicap seems to me reasonable enough. In the first place it is generally understood that he is to be prepared for the race. Secondly, his running in the Cambridgeshire showed him to be an ideal horse for the Lincoln; and thirdly, he has what has become a most considerable recommendation in this connection—he is a winner of the French Two Thousand Guineas. Sir Galahad III and Tapin had this classic distinction, and they won the Lincoln in 1924 and 1925 respectively. Sir Galahad carried 8st. 5lb. and Tapin 8st. 7lb., and both won in a manner which suggested that another 7lb. in the saddle would have made no material difference to them. Asterus has been given 8st. 12lb., and many people consider that he is probably as good a horse as they were.

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. Coaten

Atherstone Loss

Grievous loss has been sustained by the Atherstone through the death on Sunday last of their promising young kennel huntsman, Charles West. In consequence of the indisposition of the Master, Captain Ramsden, West was hunting hounds on the previous Monday when his horse put its foot in a rabbit hole, giving the rider a bad fall, resulting in fractured ribs and other injuries which unfortunately proved fatal. West, who only came to the Atherstone from Shropshire last season, was a fine horseman, equally efficient in kennels and in the field, and had gained the esteem of everyone.

Essex Pack Cut Up

Wretched bad luck was experienced by the Essex Union last Saturday. In the absence of the huntsman, incapacitated by a fall, the first whipper-in hunted hounds, and from his very first draw, Ingrave Thrift, the pack followed a fox on to the railway near Shenfield Junction, and were caught by an up express which killed two couple of bitches instantly. A similar catastrophe at the same spot was narrowly averted a few weeks ago when the up and down expresses due to cross one another here were stopped just in time. At the start of the 1921 cubbing season, about the same distance on the other side of the Junction, one bitch hound was killed outright, and a couple were permanently maimed when running a fox across the railway.

Herefordshire Changes

The North Herefordshire Mastership, which will be vacated by Mr. C. N. de Courcy Parry at the end of the present season, has been quickly filled by the re-appointment of Major C. T. Jones, who was Joint-Master with his brother, Major R. J. Jones, from 1923 till the end of last season. In the same neighbourhood I hear that unless a new Master or Masters can be found to take the places of Dr. Alfred Miles, O.B.E., and Mr. Harold Watson, and the number of subscribers, who are now only one short of a hundred, can be increased, the Wye Valley Otterhounds, which hunt the beautiful rivers and streams of Hereford, Monmouth, Gloucester, Worcester, and Glamorgan, will have to be given up. As the annual subscription is only two guineas, with a modest half-crown as the daily "cap" for visitors, it ought not to be difficult to find the means to keep going a delightful sport which, in conjunction with spring and summer stag-hunting, enables those who can best appreciate the deep and melodious notes of the true shaggy-coated otterhound to listen to hound music throughout the entire year.

Some Good Runs

The sporting honours of last week were shared by the Cambridgeshire and the Hertfordshire. On their Edworth day the Cambridgeshire first put a fox to ground after a racing ten minutes; then they killed a fox in the open after a rattling thirty minutes, and they ended the day with the fastest run of the season from Royston to Kelsall Stumps, where the Master stopped hounds at the end of forty minutes as all the horses were "done to a turn."

An Eight-mile Point

Meanwhile the Hertfordshire, of which Miss Beit is Master, hunted by Jack Molyneux, scored a tip-top hunt of an hour and fifty-five minutes from Howe Wood Graveley, mostly in Puckeridge country, an eight-mile point and fifteen miles as hounds ran, ending with a kill in the open.

"O, Wilt Thou Be My Valentine?"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Graceful tableau staged by a well-known member of the Stock Exchange as a pleasant surprise for the wife of his bosom on St. Valentine's morn

"De Reszke— of course!"

Good breeding is proof against indignity. You may light an 'Ivory'-tipped De Reszke the wrong end, and yet not spoil its divine flavour. For 'Ivory' tips taste not, neither do they smell.

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Femina

DISTINCTION *À LA* WELLS

By "CANDIDA"

FEBRUARY is always an uninspiring month, especially in London, with its samples of weather—most of them bad. Abroad it isn't much better, so it seems. But I'm not sure that any price isn't worth paying to get away from that inexorable winter coat. It may be cold abroad; it may blow bitter winds and snow on the mimosa; but no one dreams of condescending to a really wintry winter wrap. Oh, those stodgy winter coats of England that obliterate one's outline! To be condemned to practically six months of them—think of it! You outgrow your enthusiasms; you change your mind; you lose your ideals; you fall from the heights of ecstatic love; but—your winter coat remains your winter coat, the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever, or, anyway, until Easter, and often beyond it. And it's of no use to dodge the inevitable with two or three coats pretending to be different from each other. Because, fundamentally, they're terribly alike. They can't help it. There's only one way of being "it" in these days, and to depart from it is to court disaster ninety-nine times out of a hundred. We've got a standard, and anybody who knows can see with half an eye in a quarter of a minute who's falling short of it. Therefore, most people don't even dare to try. Of course, it would be exciting to dash in with hit-or-miss experiments if it weren't so risky, and if one weren't condemned when one is poor (and who is not poor nowadays?) to wear the miss till the end of the chapter.

As it is, it's a dull world with only one model and hat to go round everybody. To make up there's much painting of the same old lily, and some of the intelligent people who notice the painting are apt to lose sight of the sameness of the lily. Says Mr. Wells in his latest:—"The manufacture of individuality for women is a vast industry. . . . Men and women of fine intelligence exert their utmost gifts to produce creations. . . . Ordinary women are lifted by such efforts out of that undistinguished chorus of female minds and bodies to which they naturally belong. . . . The goddess is built up. And you take its marvellous clothes off it, and you wash off what you can of its grease and paint and powder, and you find a poor little human body of no remarkable quality, and a character of no quality at all."

THAT'S all very well, but it isn't exactly true. Smart women may be a disappointment if you're looking for brains and hearts and all that, but they'd be even more disappointing without their smart outsides. Besides, there's no dressmaker-made individuality about them, or anyone else. Individuality isn't done any more, and "the men and women of fine intelligence who exert their utmost gifts to produce creations" labour so much and so long because the perfect distinction of their work must be made to appear as distinguished as possible.

THE golden rule is to look like everybody else, only nicer. But how it's done is a secret; and when it does happen it's a *tour-de-force* not of the dressmaker, but of the dresser herself. She insists on being different, and she does it with her soul, so to speak; certainly not with her figure, which is exactly like everybody else's; nor with her head, which wears the same shingle and the same hat as the rest of the world. Not with her face, which owes its colour to little boxes and bottles, and its expression to massage. Once in a blue moon you meet something different, but for the rest . . .

FOR the rest, I don't see anywhere the camouflaged distinction that Mr. Wells complains of. On the contrary. Most of the distinguished, decorative people have vanished from the very places where you'd expect to see them. Perhaps they can't afford to be seen nowadays, or else they're lost in the new crowd of the undistinguished and undecorative. Perhaps they really did owe everything to their marvellous clothes, and we were taken in by the Solomon's glory aired by people who were anything but Solomons.

THE fact is that it's practically impossible to look distinguished nowadays with only one hat to help one look the part, and that so easy to copy that a child could see its points in two minutes. Of course, I know that the great ——, from whom the socially and financially distinguished buy their hats, has an allure, a *cachet*, and all sorts of enchanting things which no one's ever equalled. But no hat, however inspired, can remain a triumph of distinction which is seen by everybody on everybody.

NOT that the world isn't full of hats. It is; but nobody who's anybody wears anything but *the* one, whichever it may be. I needn't describe it. You know it by heart, and you know, too, that to wear it with a distinguished air is a bit of a problem when you consider how much of one's head disappears into the hat. All one's hair, except for a wisp or two; one's eyebrows and eyes and nearly all one's expression. In the end there's nothing left to have an air with except a nose—and it's seldom that noses live up to the greatness of the family; and a chin—and what can you do with that? There's nothing to show the character of the person in the hat, that character that Mr. Wells insists on. So it's quite possible that distinction may still be with us, walking eclipsed and invisible under the one and only hat.

Pollard Crowther

MISS MOLLIE BYRNE

The nineteen-year-old Australian soprano, who is holding her first English concert to-morrow, Thursday, February 17. It takes place at the Wigmore Hall

Elwin Neam.

'WHAT ARE THE WIRELESS WAVES SAYING?"

Miss April Claire solves the question in her dressing-room at Drury Lane, where she is appearing in "Rose Marie." She is listening-in to her new Gecophone

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

BORDER LINE HANDS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

With quick tricks bid quickly is the modern maxim. Don't wait for cast-iron strength. But there are occasions when you do not hold two sure tricks, yet your hand appears on the face of it too good to pass. The rule that you should not make an initial bid of One of a suit unless you hold at least two quick tricks is one that admits of exceptions. For instance, a two-suited hand often demands a bid originally, so as to give you a chance of showing your second suit later. Each case must be judged on its merits. There are many border-line hands on the bidding of which it is unwise to dogmatise. Opinion, even amongst experts, is likely to differ.

. . . .

Here is a case in point:—Score: Love all. Z deals and holds:—S.—3; H.—K, 10, 6, 4, 3, 2; D.—none; C.—A, J, 10, 8, 5, 3. What should he bid? A great many players I know would bid "Two Hearts," but that I rule out as a thoroughly bad bid. An initial bid of Two at love score should mean six to the Ace, King, or King, Queen. A ragged six does not fulfil the conditions for a Two bid on any showing. I will therefore not countenance for one moment the bid of "Two Hearts" on this hand. But I would not find fault with a bid of "One Heart" or "One Club," nor condemn either bid, as the character of the hand makes departure from rule justifiable.

All the same, I am of opinion that the best course on this hand is to pass. These are my reasons:—

(1) The hand does not contain two sure tricks, and an initial bid on it might mislead partner.

(2) The hand is strong enough to bid subsequently both suits.

(3) The risk that the hand might be passed is slight, and there is a psychological advantage in bidding this hand on second round rather than initially.

Here is another border-line case:—S.—K, 5, 3; H.—K, 10, 6, 4, 2; D.—8, 7, 5, 4; C.—A.

My decision on this hand is that at love score dealer should pass on it. But I do not think a bid of "One Heart" could be considered as manifestly wrong. The two Kings, although not supported by Queens, plus the Ace, make the hand practically worth two tricks, and it is conceivable that by not bidding "One Heart" on this initially a valuable opportunity might be lost, as it might easily be impossible to bid Hearts on the second round if the bidding got too high. On the other hand, my own view is that a pass is the better proposition, as the hand is undeniably weak for a major suit bid.

. . . .

The border-line No Trumper is always an open question. Much as I deprecate the ultra-light No Trumper, I think there is much to be said for an initial bid of No Trumps on an aceless hand on which many players would pass. Take these two hands:—

(1) S.—K, J, 4; H.—K, 10, 8, 2; D.—Q, J, 3; C.—K, 8, 5.
(2) S.—K, Q, 7; H.—K, 9, 4; D.—K, 10, 6; C.—10, 6, 5, 2.

I would not condemn a pass on either of them. But personally I would bid "One No Trump" on both. The hands are not strong, but they are potentially strong, and with average assistance in Dummy no harm can come to them, while with over-average support they might be game winners. To pass on them is, in my opinion, to miss a good sporting chance.

The difficult hands on which to bid are those with one or two unguarded or blank suits. With a worthless singleton or doubleton I advocate the choice of a major suit bid when possible, even if only four, in preference to No Trumps. Two-suiters sometimes turn out extraordinarily good propositions when played in No Trumps. But to rely upon your partner "stopping" your two missing suits is a pure gamble, and not to be recommended when a good suit bid is possible. Close questions about bidding are part of the fascination of the game. If every bid could be stereotyped how dull it would be. I repeat that every case should be considered on its merits, and that all rules of bidding have their exceptions.

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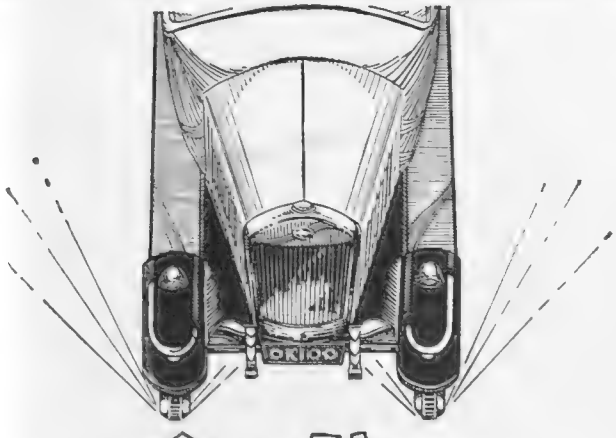

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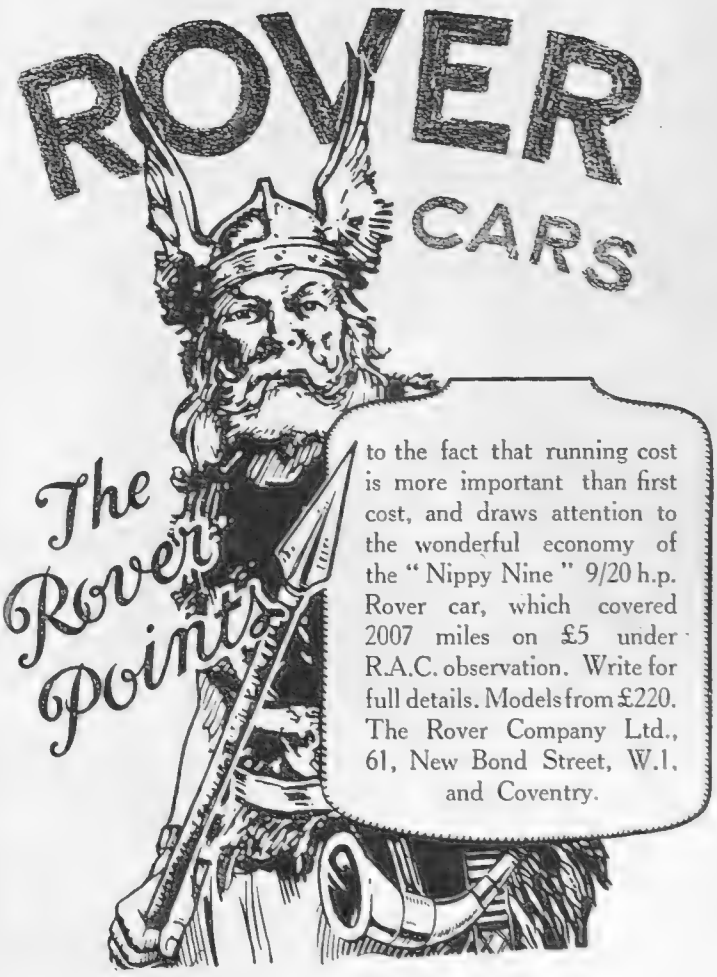

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to the fact that running cost is more important than first cost, and draws attention to the wonderful economy of the "Nippy Nine" 9/20 h.p. Rover car, which covered 2007 miles on £5 under R.A.C. observation. Write for full details. Models from £220. The Rover Company Ltd., 61, New Bond Street, W.1, and Coventry.

MOTOR NOTES

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Man never is, but always to be, blessed." This somewhat cynical statement by the well-known poet (I do know his name!) particularly applies to motorists in connection with the Road Vehicles Bill. Each succeeding session of Parliament is supposed to deal with this much wanted measure, but all without effect. Sometimes some reference to its imminent introduction occurs in the Speech of His Majesty when opening Parliament, and sometimes its introduction is promised departmentally. But nothing ever happens. Take the present Session of Parliament. Before its official opening, it was freely reported that the Road Vehicles Bill, or the Motor Bill—to give it another title—would be introduced during the current Session, but circumstances have decided otherwise, and it was therefore omitted from the King's Speech. The position is really ludicrous. The million of motor cars now registered in Great Britain is controlled by the Motor Car Act which came into force in 1903. Twenty-four years have therefore elapsed since the time when a motor car owner was allowed to drive without a man preceding him with a red flag! Let us get consolation from the fact that hope is denied to nobody.

***

The achievement of Capt. Malcolm Campbell in breaking the world's record for the flying mile and the flying kilometre is an example of successful victory over almost insuperable obstacles. In the first place the car was privately built, in the second the weather conditions were unsuitable, and in the third the entire strain fell on the one driver. A record speed of 174 m.p.h. takes a considerable amount of doing, as Capt. Campbell has demonstrated. The biggest brain wave in the course of his attempts was that in connection with the draining of the sands. A tractor was borrowed from a local farmer, and furrows were ploughed along the course so that the water would drain away quickly, and a sound surface thus obtained. The congratulations of every "Bystander" are due to Capt. Campbell, and also to those who assisted him in his successful attempts, certainly not forgetting the two timekeepers who were nearly drowned by the incoming tide.

"ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS!"

Participants in the R.A.C. Queensland Reliability Trials strike a damp patch on the course. The car is an Arrol-Johnston

***

The directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., will shortly issue their annual report. It will show that (subject to audit) the profits for the year ended October 31 last amounted to £100,606. They have decided to recommend at the annual meeting of shareholders, which is to be held at Derby next Monday, that a dividend of 8 per cent. should be paid in respect of the year.

***

The question of air or water cooling is not of particular interest to land motorists nowadays, but in the air the problem has been by no means settled as to which is the more suitable type of aero engine. In this connection it is interesting to note that when machines are selected to attempt world's records for high speed, altitude, weight carrying, etc., the engine is generally water-cooled. I understand that at the present moment there are 51 world's records for aeroplanes and seaplanes, and of these 48 are held by water-cooled engines. In the Schneider Cup Race this year, which will be held over Italian waters, an interesting comparison will be possible, as of the British machines to be entered two will be fitted with the Napier water-cooled aero engine, and one with the air-cooled Jupiter.

***

Easter Monday falls this year on April 18, and the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club has therefore decided to hold its opening meeting earlier instead of on this day, as is usually the case. The first meeting will take place on Saturday, March 19, and will consist of a number of short handicaps (6½ miles) and long handicaps (9½ miles). All entries close on March 7.

***

The Royal Automobile Club provides, amongst others, a most useful benefit to its members, namely, its "Get-you-Home" service. This service provides a free relief car for members and associate members in the case of breakdown or accident. In every case a voucher has to be completed giving the cause of breakdown, and the R.A.C. is therefore in a unique position to analyse the various causes of breakdown which necessitate relief work. The figures for 1926 show that ignition trouble is responsible for over a fifth of the casualties. Next in order comes accidents, closely followed by troubles with rear axle shafts. No other part of the car, or outside causes, is responsible for more than 8 per cent. of road stoppages. Brakes are responsible for the smallest proportion of those analysed.

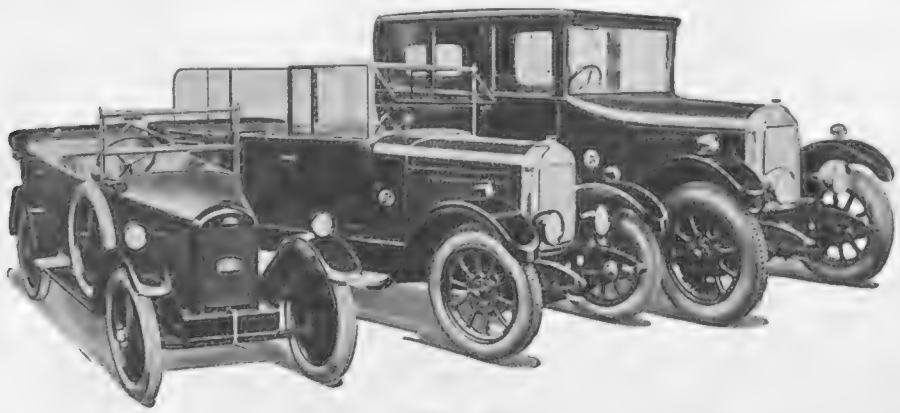
***

I have just completed a trial of the latest 12-24 h.p. all-steel four-seater Citroën fitted with the Westinghouse servo-operated four wheel brakes, and I wish to bring this car to the notice of all "Bystanders" as an example of really extraordinary value for money. The car is of attractive appearance, of good road performance, economical in running, and comfortable for the occupants. Every possible part is constructed of steel, giving the maximum of rigidity, while the coachwork is finished in cellulose, reducing cleaning worries. The equipment is very complete, including a special "vee" screen for the rear passengers, while the total cost of this notable car is £195. During the course of my trial I was engaged in many discussions by the wayside with other motorists, expert and amateur, and many were the favourable opinions expressed. When, however, I disclosed the price of the car, keeping the best until the last, without exception the final expression was one of amazement.

***

This was practically the first of these models to be put on the road, and certain allowances may no doubt have to be made for this fact. Slight modifications may be made in the near future to make this car even better than it is, but it is my considered opinion that the 12-24 h.p. Citroën is exactly the type of car which is required by many thousands of motorists in this country. The car possesses many unexpected refinements, such as an illuminated oval panel in the centre of the dash, carrying all the instruments (which include a petrol gauge), petrol tap, and reserve supply controlled from the dashboard, a radiator temperature indicator, extremely good head lamps, and a hood which keeps the occupants dry in the heaviest downpour, even with no side curtains in position. The £200 buyer is excellently catered for by this car.

—George C. Stead.



A FAMILY GROUP

The Singer family face the camera. The photograph shows the Singer "Junior," "Senior," and "Six," and their prices range from £148 10s.

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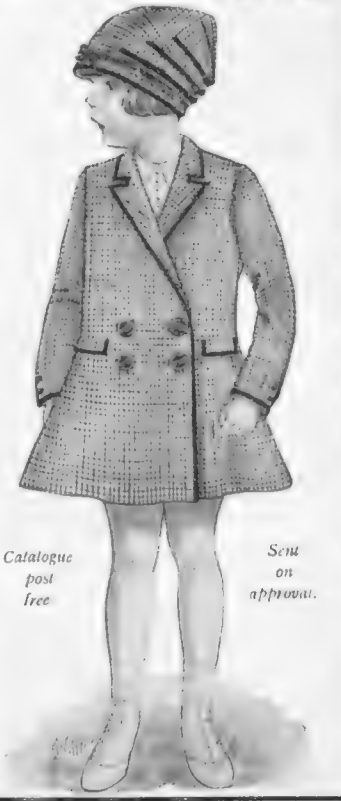

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FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

Interesting and novel details characterise these two model hats sketched at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street. The left-hand hat with little jockey brim is of stitched navy satin, and its companion of black satin, the draped crown caught down with a dagger pin and the close brim turned up flat at one side front

Smart Millinery Suitable for the Little Season

THE jockey cap influence grows more apparent every day in a certain type of hat that is not wholly brimless. It is, however, more suggestive than aggressive, the brims being exceedingly narrow, and tapering off to nothing at the back, usually allied with a draped or squashable crown. At D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W., where the millinery, both trimmed and untrimmed, is exceptionally good, there are many examples of this vogue, including the model pictured, an attractively neat little *chapeau* of navy blue satin, to which close lines of stitching impart a certain rigidity and firmness, the high crown dented in like a cowboy's sombrero, the sole trimming a band of Petersham ribbon in tone. Entirely composed of Petersham is another supremely *chic* model expressed in a delightful alliance of fawn, pale beige, and caramel brown, the ribbon after it is joined being fashioned into a crown of soft *béret* persuasion, the folds caught down at one side by a fancy pin, which is mounted into a close-fitting brim that is turned up at the left side front flat against the crown. This is a complete *volte-face* from the *cloche* and vagabond, and consequently exacts the closest attention, the more so as it can be, and is, carried out in a variety of shadow effects. Somewhat similar in character is a small black satin hat, the deftly draped crown banded deeply with two widths of Petersham ribbon and ornamented with an important dagger-like pin. To meet the tentative spending spirit of the moment, D. H. Evans are offering all these new season's models, together with many others of a like modish order, at the very moderate price of 49*s.* 6*d.*

Inexpressibly elegant and desirable is this all-the-year-round useful coat of natural calfskin, with its collar of Japanese fox, a model that is being featured by Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, W.

Fashionable Furs at Special Prices

AMONG the first to recognise the value of calfskin, which he has been running throughout the season in the guise of both long and short coats, Mr. Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, is now, in response to a big demand, exploiting this pelt in the form of collar and cuffs for tailor-made suits. A woman can choose her own skin and own design for these sets, which range in price from 59*s.* 6*d.*, stencilled kid coming out considerably cheaper. The stencilling is carried out, according to taste, to represent lizard, snake skin, or the natural markings of calf, all of which, of course, is wonderfully interesting. In view of the fact that they represent the lightweight serviceable wrap one can wear throughout the year for motoring and travelling, it is small wonder Mr. Percy Vickery continues to have a big demand for his long calfskin coats. These are a thoroughly sound investment at 35 guineas, which is the price of the model illustrated, with collar of Japanese fox. Foreseeing, moreover, the certain vogue for moleskin, Mr. Vickery made extensive purchases of these skins, and is consequently now able to sell long coats with handsome ruffled collars at 19 guineas; and better value is not to be found anywhere. Coats of peschaniki, that remarkable substitute for musquash that has had such a *furore* this season, are likewise reduced. Mr. Percy Vickery is offering a handsome full-length coat with natural skunk collar at £25.

Weatherproof Wraps

IT is wholly superfluous at this date to enforce the claims of J. W. Elvery, 32, Conduit Street, W., in this connection. They are world-known specialists in all that pertains to leather and rubber goods, and, naturally, nothing is allowed to emanate from this establishment in any way likely to diminish the fame of a well-earned reputation. The proofed cloths employed here are also the very best obtainable, and the coats built of

"February fill dyke" claims a ready appreciation of this weatherproof fawn overcoat designed and built by J. W. Elvery, Conduit Street, W.

these are the perfection of comfort and practicability; all at the moment follow the approved slim, straight line, although they are always roomy enough to be worn over a coat and skirt. The example illustrated, the Vilma, is in a useful fawn shade, with inset sleeves and capacious patch pockets, is half lined with waterproof silk, and completed by a neat buckled belt. From 4½ guineas is this model. Those featherweight silk waterproofs that can be wrapped up into such an incredibly small compass are at all times simply invaluable possessions, and more than worth the expenditure of 3 guineas, which is Elvery's price. Short *suède* sports coats finished with stockinette hems and collars are from 3½ guineas; while for motoring, and yet light enough to walk in if required, are Elvery's special chrome leather coats, beautifully cut and tailor finished. With one and all of these wraps the firm is pleased to make weatherproof hats to match.

Rural Homes for Railwaymen

The L.N.E.R. Cottage Home and Benefit Fund is progressing apace in its object of providing rural homes for railway employees who may retire through disability or infirmity, or for the dependants of deceased railwaymen, and on Saturday, February 5th, Sir Ralph Wedgwood, Chief General Manager of the L.N.E.R., opened the cottages at the Acomb Hall Estate, York. These cottages are in no way charity homes, as their occupants pay a nominal rent for them. Another object of this excellent Fund is to assist financially those railwaymen who may be in difficulties as a result of illness or other adversity.

A CURLING FINAL AT WENGEN

The Davos curling team which recently won the Jackson Cup at Wengen. Mr. S. A. P. Kitcat (left), Mr. E. Heller, Mr. W. Bentley, and, in front, Mr. F. W. Edlin. Mr. Kitcat is the well-known Old Marlburian and Gloucestershire cricketer

A New Hot-water Bottle

All those who have suffered painfully from the vagaries of their hot-water bottles will be delighted to know that an anti-scald bottle has recently been invented. The tendency of the water to bubble back when the bottle is being filled, and thus scalding the filler's hands, has now been counteracted by an ingenious stopper of the simplest construction. This anti-scald hot-water bottle was invented by a Scottish doctor, who wishes to remain anonymous, and is manufactured by the Macintosh Rubber Co., Ltd.

In Bermuda

With hundreds of visitors arriving by every steamer, Hamilton, the little capital of Bermuda, is full of life, and occasionally Queen Street, the main street of the town, resembles a busy corner of Broadway, New York. Tourists from almost every part of the Eastern and Middle States, and many from Canada and England, are included among the throngs to be found there in the mornings and afternoons, and their numbers are steadily increasing. For these visitors Bermuda provides an abundance of outdoor recreations, such as cycling, driving, riding, sailing and surf bathing, while the evenings are enlivened by the dances or concerts at the principal hotels. Recently interest has centred on the Open Golf Tournament taking place at the famous 18-hole course at Riddell's Bay, where large galleries have followed the games. Other forthcoming sporting events will include the yacht races, opening this week, horse races at the Shelley Bay course, and the tennis championship matches.

Try this 10 minute Treatment for

Blackheads

Have you ever tried this simple way of removing blackheads? It is absolutely painless and surprisingly effective.

Fill a cup with hot water—just hot enough to bear comfortably—and tip into it a teaspoonful of Radox Salts. Apply by dabbing on the part of the face affected. After a few minutes' treatment wipe the face dry and the blackheads will be seen to have vanished. Follow by applying a little cold cream. Read this letter:—

"I think you may be interested to know that when I saw your advert in the 'Daily Mirror' the other day for blackheads, I intended to get a packet of Radox Bath Salts and try it, because I have been pestered with blackheads for years. A good friend let me have some, however, and I did what you say in the advertisement. I was astounded to find that the blackheads which I had on my face totally disappeared. I had never tried Radox before, but I am getting a packet now to keep by me."

1st January, 1927. *H.T.*

No painful pressure or squeezing is necessary by this method. No red or blotchy marks are left on the face through bruised skin. The pores are cleansed and the skin is made beautifully smooth and healthy.

Get a packet of Radox to-day and test it to-night before you retire. A half-pound packet of Radox Salts costs 1/6 at any chemists, and will provide sufficient for many applications. You need to take care that you get Radox in the pink packet, 1/6 per ½ lb. size; 2/6 double quantity.

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Paris rue de Rivoli opposite the Tuileries Its name symbolizes fashion and society
The famous Meurice Restaurant (open to non-residents) is pre-eminent in the city of unrivalled cuisine
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HOTEL DU RHIN
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In the centre of Parisian elegance
Same direction as the Hotel Meurice

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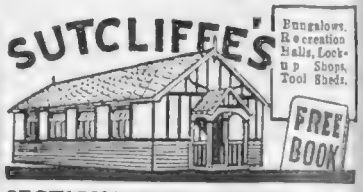

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Benger's Food is very successful with infants of three months or less, when breast milk or other food has failed.

At weaning time Benger's is best for transition from the breast to ordinary food. It can be prepared to suit baby at all stages of growth.

A Lady M.D. considers "Benger's Food invaluable for nursing mothers when an easily assimilated food is required. She is now nursing entirely her daughter, and uses the Benger's Food herself."

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1927

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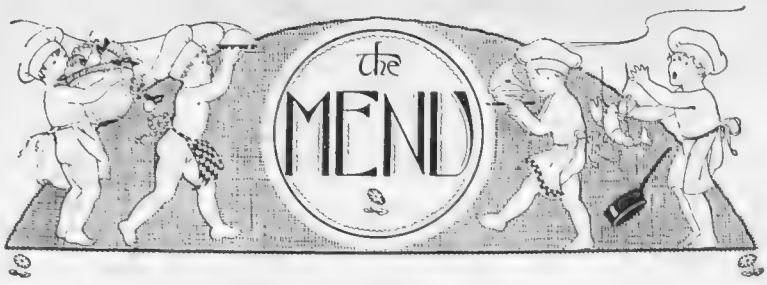

DAINTY BREAKFAST DISHES

KIDNEYS À LA MARECHALE.
FRIED BACON WITH BANANAS.
FISH OMELETTE.
DRIED HADDOCK AND TOMATOES.
FISH FRITTERS.

Kidneys à la Marechale

FRY four slices of bacon in a pan. Chop one dessertspoonful of parsley, and add to it four large mushrooms, one oz. of butter, pepper, and salt. When sufficiently cooked, remove the kidneys and bacon, and put in a dish in the oven to keep hot. Stir two tablespoonfuls of stock or tomato sauce into the mushrooms and, when well heated, pour over the kidneys and bacon.

Fried Bacon with Bananas

Remove the rind from some thinly-cut rashers of bacon, and fry them on both sides in a frying-pan. Skin half as many bananas as there are rashers, cut each in half lengthways, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and fry them in bacon fat, adding a little butter if necessary. Dish up the bacon, and put half a banana on each rasher. Serve at once.

Fish Omelette

Break three eggs, separating the yolks and whites; sprinkle into the yolks a little salt, cayenne, nutmeg, and one dessertspoonful of grated cheese: beat all together. Take a good tablespoonful of any cooked white fish, cut up very small. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of eggs, and whip to a stiff froth. Stir the whipped whites lightly to the yolks. Melt 1½ oz. of butter in the pan, pour in the eggs, and cook until the omelette is set.

Dried Haddock and Tomatoes

Remove the skin and bones from a cooked smoked haddock, and cut up the fish in fairly large pieces. Melt 1 oz. of margarine in a frying-pan, slice one small onion, and fry a golden brown. Cut two large tomatoes in slices, add to the onion, and cook all together for twenty minutes. Add last of all the fish and a good sprinkling of pepper. Stir over the fire or gas for a few minutes. Have ready some spaghetti or macaroni, which has been boiled, put it in a fire-proof dish, pile the haddock and tomatoes on it, and serve very hot.

Fish Fritters

Cut some filleted sole or plaice into small pieces, and wipe them dry with a clean cloth; put 4 oz. of flour in a basin, with a pinch of salt, and stir into it one tablespoonful of dissolved butter; beat this, with a gill of tepid water, till it is a thick batter. Just before frying add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, dip the pieces of fish into the batter, and drop them into a saucepan of boiling fat. Drain on paper, and serve in a pyramid on a fish-paper, and garnish with fried parsley and cut lemon. EMILIA.

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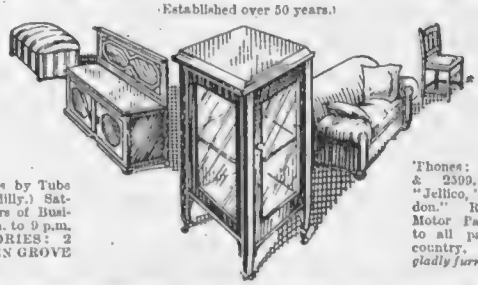

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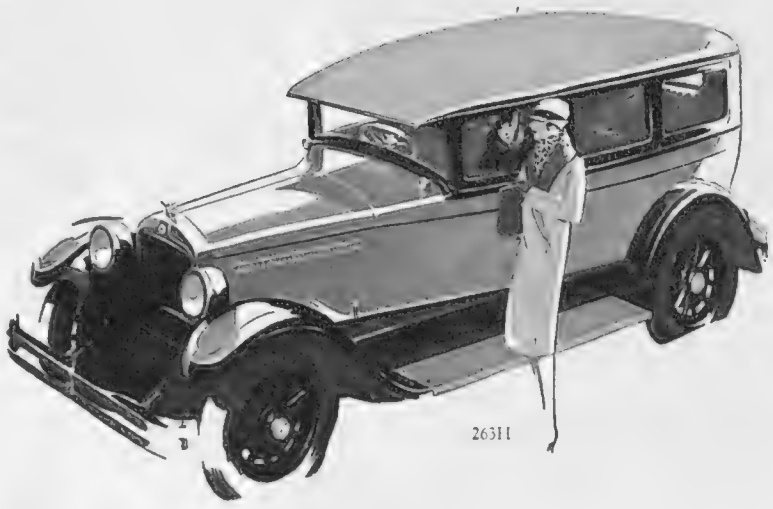

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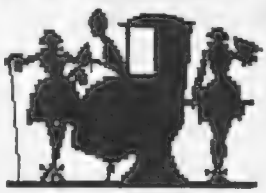

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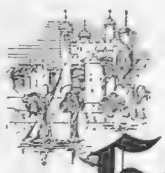

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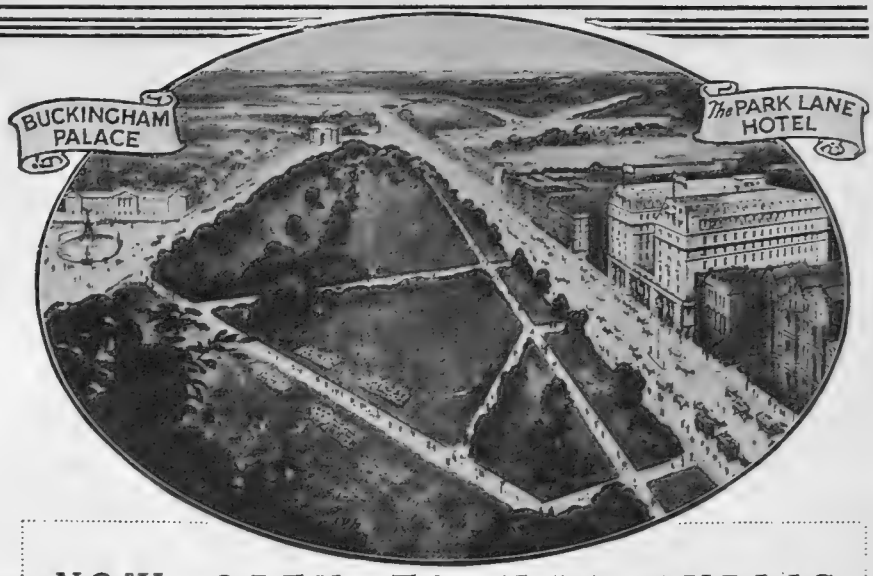

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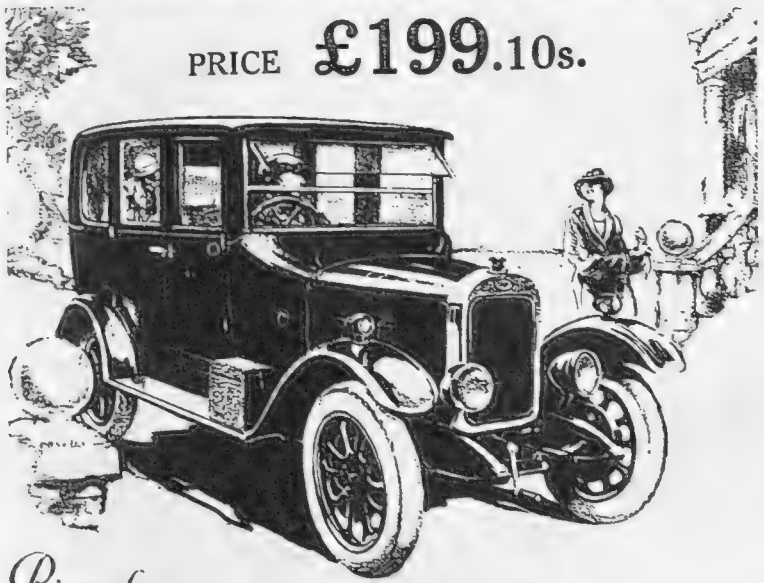

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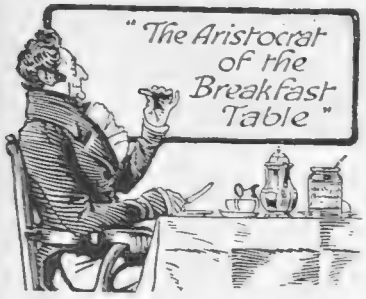

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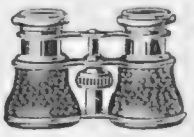

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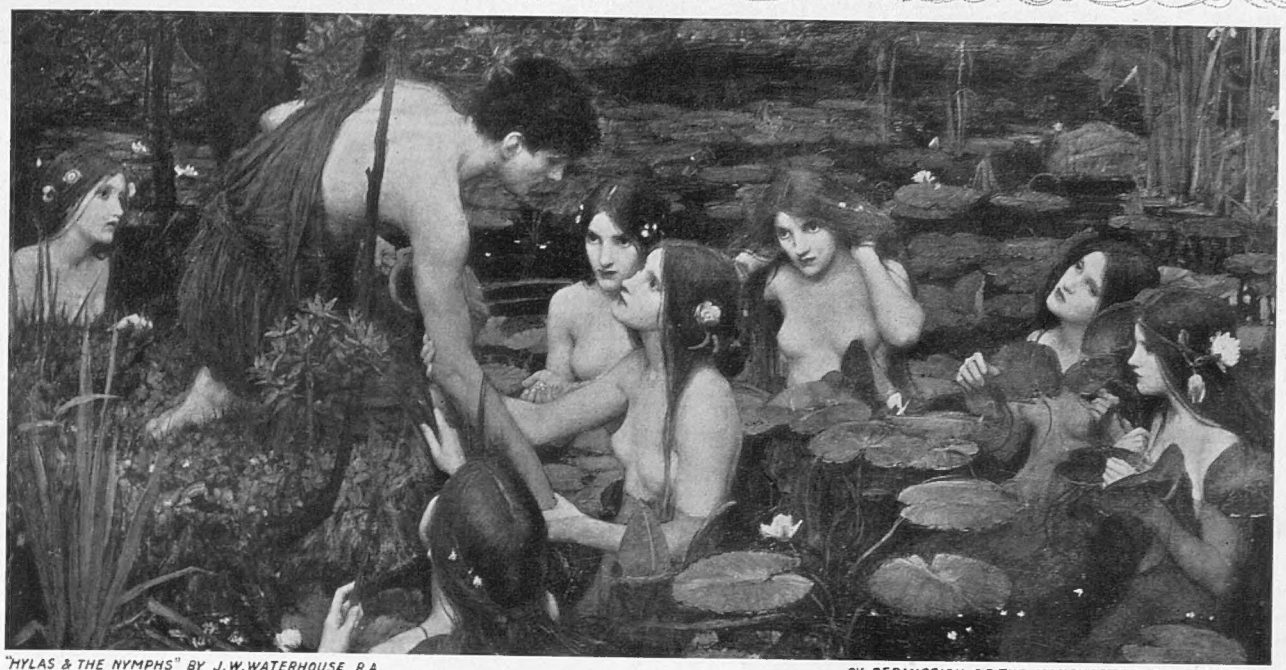

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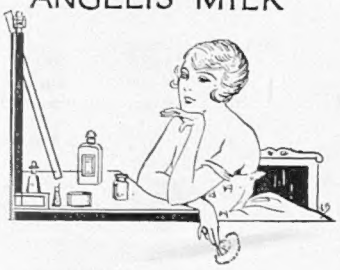

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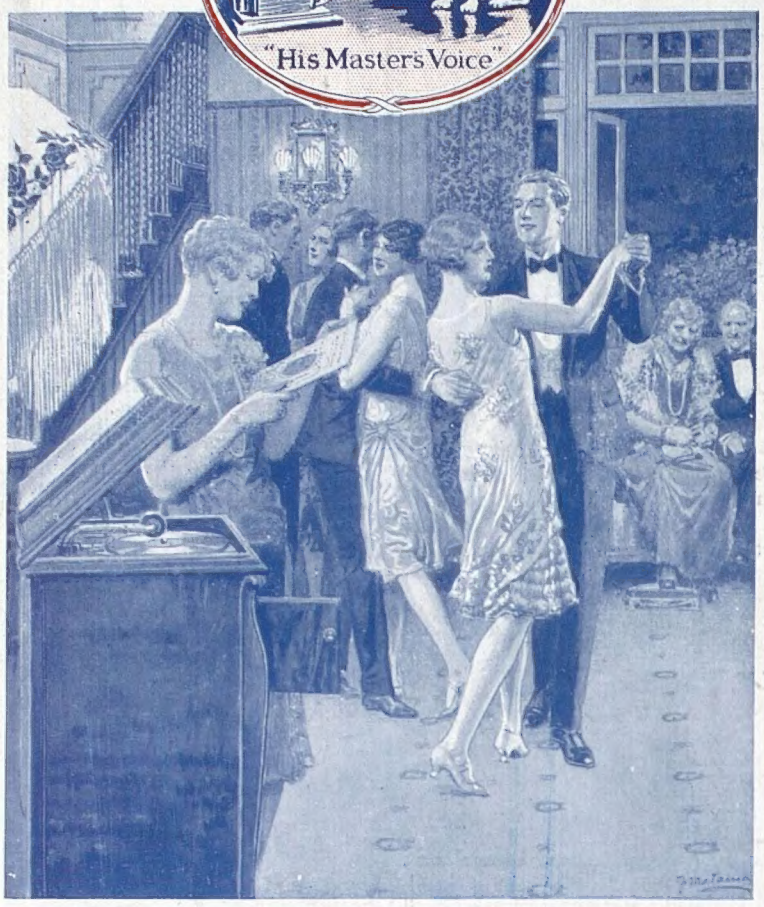

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